

F-46103
~~H99763~~

U.S.

Library

1907

FROM THE LIBRARY OF

REV. LOUIS FITZGERALD BENSON, D. D.

BEQUEATHED BY HIM TO

THE LIBRARY OF

PRINCETON THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY

SCB

6442

Benson

Scb

W. H. Allen & Son
Stratford-upon-Avon

Book
1848

دَلِيلُ الْمُهَاجِرِ
بِالْمُهَاجِرِ
بِالْمُهَاجِرِ
بِالْمُهَاجِرِ

Other payment of expenses Mary & Anna

Oct 10th
26

1890

88288888

10
11
12
13
14
15
16
17
18
19
20
21
22
23
24
25
26
27
28
29
30
31
32
33
34
35
36
37
38
39
40
41
42
43
44
45
46
47
48
49
50
51
52
53
54
55
56
57
58
59
60
61
62
63
64
65
66
67
68
69
70
71
72
73
74
75
76
77
78
79
80
81
82
83
84
85
86
87
88
89
90
91
92
93
94
95
96
97
98
99
100
101
102
103
104
105
106
107
108
109
110
111
112
113
114
115
116
117
118
119
120
121
122
123
124
125
126
127
128
129
130
131
132
133
134
135
136
137
138
139
140
141
142
143
144
145
146
147
148
149
150
151
152
153
154
155
156
157
158
159
160
161
162
163
164
165
166
167
168
169
170
171
172
173
174
175
176
177
178
179
180
181
182
183
184
185
186
187
188
189
190
191
192
193
194
195
196
197
198
199
200
201
202
203
204
205
206
207
208
209
210
211
212
213
214
215
216
217
218
219
220
221
222
223
224
225
226
227
228
229
230
231
232
233
234
235
236
237
238
239
240
241
242
243
244
245
246
247
248
249
250
251
252
253
254
255
256
257
258
259
260
261
262
263
264
265
266
267
268
269
270
271
272
273
274
275
276
277
278
279
280
281
282
283
284
285
286
287
288
289
290
291
292
293
294
295
296
297
298
299
300
301
302
303
304
305
306
307
308
309
310
311
312
313
314
315
316
317
318
319
320
321
322
323
324
325
326
327
328
329
330
331
332
333
334
335
336
337
338
339
340
341
342
343
344
345
346
347
348
349
350
351
352
353
354
355
356
357
358
359
360
361
362
363
364
365
366
367
368
369
370
371
372
373
374
375
376
377
378
379
380
381
382
383
384
385
386
387
388
389
390
391
392
393
394
395
396
397
398
399
400
401
402
403
404
405
406
407
408
409
410
411
412
413
414
415
416
417
418
419
420
421
422
423
424
425
426
427
428
429
430
431
432
433
434
435
436
437
438
439
440
441
442
443
444
445
446
447
448
449
450
451
452
453
454
455
456
457
458
459
460
461
462
463
464
465
466
467
468
469
470
471
472
473
474
475
476
477
478
479
480
481
482
483
484
485
486
487
488
489
490
491
492
493
494
495
496
497
498
499
500
501
502
503
504
505
506
507
508
509
510
511
512
513
514
515
516
517
518
519
520
521
522
523
524
525
526
527
528
529
530
531
532
533
534
535
536
537
538
539
540
541
542
543
544
545
546
547
548
549
550
551
552
553
554
555
556
557
558
559
560
561
562
563
564
565
566
567
568
569
570
571
572
573
574
575
576
577
578
579
580
581
582
583
584
585
586
587
588
589
589
590
591
592
593
594
595
596
597
598
599
600
601
602
603
604
605
606
607
608
609
610
611
612
613
614
615
616
617
618
619
620
621
622
623
624
625
626
627
628
629
630
631
632
633
634
635
636
637
638
639
640
641
642
643
644
645
646
647
648
649
650
651
652
653
654
655
656
657
658
659
660
661
662
663
664
665
666
667
668
669
669
670
671
672
673
674
675
676
677
678
679
679
680
681
682
683
684
685
686
687
688
689
689
690
691
692
693
694
695
696
697
698
699
700
701
702
703
704
705
706
707
708
709
709
710
711
712
713
714
715
716
717
718
719
719
720
721
722
723
724
725
726
727
728
729
729
730
731
732
733
734
735
736
737
738
739
739
740
741
742
743
744
745
746
747
748
749
749
750
751
752
753
754
755
756
757
758
759
759
760
761
762
763
764
765
766
767
768
769
769
770
771
772
773
774
775
776
777
778
779
779
780
781
782
783
784
785
786
787
788
789
789
790
791
792
793
794
795
796
797
798
799
800
801
802
803
804
805
806
807
808
809
809
810
811
812
813
814
815
816
817
818
819
819
820
821
822
823
824
825
826
827
828
829
829
830
831
832
833
834
835
836
837
838
839
839
840
841
842
843
844
845
846
847
848
849
849
850
851
852
853
854
855
856
857
858
859
859
860
861
862
863
864
865
866
867
868
869
869
870
871
872
873
874
875
876
877
878
879
879
880
881
882
883
884
885
886
887
888
889
889
890
891
892
893
894
895
896
897
898
899
900
901
902
903
904
905
906
907
908
909
909
910
911
912
913
914
915
916
917
918
919
919
920
921
922
923
924
925
926
927
928
929
929
930
931
932
933
934
935
936
937
938
939
939
940
941
942
943
944
945
946
947
948
949
949
950
951
952
953
954
955
956
957
958
959
959
960
961
962
963
964
965
966
967
968
969
969
970
971
972
973
974
975
976
977
978
979
979
980
981
982
983
984
985
986
987
988
989
989
990
991
992
993
994
995
996
997
998
999
1000

HYMNS,

NOV 19 1936

THEATRICAL

FOR THE USE OF THE

CATHOLIC CHURCH

IN THE

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.



A NEW EDITION,

WITH ADDITIONS AND IMPROVEMENTS.

Baltimore :

PRINTED BY JOHN WEST BUTLER.

1807.

PREFACE.

NEXT to the offering of the Eucharistical Sacrifice, which is the most sublime and the more essential act of divine worship, the singing of the praises of God and of the Lamb, is unquestionably the noblest employment of a Christian. He who sings to God with a proper sense of devotion, associates himself to the Choirs of Angels, and shares upon earth in the sweetest occupation of the blessed inhabitants of Heaven. It cannot be doubted but that the most proper time for this holy exercise, is when the faithful meet together in Church; and especially when the Lamb that was slain on the cross for the redemption of the world, comes down on our altars, and there continues to offer himself for us to his heavenly Father. It is then every faithful soul should unite with him in the immortal praise he gives to his Father, and sing in accord with the heavenly citizens the praises of the Lamb himself: *worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive power and divinity, and wisdom, and strength, and honor, and glory, and benediction* — Rev. v. 12.

However, sacred singing should not be confined to houses and hours of worship. We should, like the Prophet, *bless the Lord at all times, and his praise should be always in our mouth*. — Psalm. 33. This, St. Paul earnestly recommends to the faithful; *Let the word of Christ dwell in you abundantly, in all wisdom, teaching and admonishing one another in psalms, hymns and spiritual canticles, singing in grace in your hearts to God* — Coloss. iii. 16

There are few persons but are delighted with singing; agreeable music is a sweet diversion after the toil of business, and a relief even during the time of labour; it affords comfort in affliction, and heightens our enjoyment in the hour of gladness. But these effects are never more surely or more solidly produced, than when the praises of the Deity, or some devotional sentiment, are the subject of the song. Whilst the ear is delighted, the soul is nourished; the moments pass away rapidly and agreeably; the burden of duty becomes light; piety adds merit and perfection to our performances; and the heart, conscious of rectitude, enjoys a cheerful tranquility.

Not so when profane objects are the theme of our lays. The delight, which an obscene ballad will afford a depraved mind, is like the rest of its enjoyments, gross, turbulent, false, and unworthy of a christian soul. It distils the poison deep into the heart; and the mouth of the singer, like an open sepulchre, casts around on the hearers the noxious exhalation. The soft strains of a love song, a tho' disguised under an outward appearance of decency, are not perhaps less hurtful, on account of their tendency to turn upon idols of flesh, the affections of a heart made for God alone. And will not the delicacy of expression, the flowers of poetry, and

P R E F A C E.

all the seasonings of wit, joined with the graces of music, render the poison, which is wrapped up in them, still more pernicious to tender and unsuspicious minds?

There is another species of songs, the purport of which is to extol the happiness of sensual pleasures, and to invite every heart, especially those of the young, to make it the constant object of their pursuits. Not to acknowledge the dangerous tendency of such songs, would be an unpardonable blindness. What can be more shocking than to hear the doctrine of Epicure, proclaimed by the mouth of a Christian? And what a pity that wit and genius should be prostituted to so base and pernicious purposes? How much, on the contrary, it were to be wished, that those who are endowed with a talent for poetry or music, would consecrate it to a nobler use; by employing it in celebrating the praises of their Creator, the charms of virtue, the vanity of transitory delights, the felicity of heaven, &c.! What a delightful recollection it would be for them to have contributed to kindle in the hearts of their fellow-christians the sacred flames of divine love, and to have promoted the cause of virtue!

It is with this intention, that the present collection is offered to the public. Besides a variety of Spiritual Canticles, containing either an invitation to praise God, or divers acts of religion and sentiments of piety, the Catholic reader will have the satisfaction of finding a translation in verse, as literal as this kind of composition could permit, of those ancient hymns, which have been sung in the Catholic Church on the various festivals of our Lord, of the Blessed Virgin and of the Saints, through the year, for upwards of fourteen centuries; which have for their authors men of the most eminent sanctity, as an Hilary, an Ambrose, a Gregory, &c.; and which, altho' not distinguished for the elegance of composition, are replete with sentiments of genuine piety. Such of them, as are more frequently sung, have been printed also in Latin, as well as the Psalm *Miserere*, which is sung in Lent, and occasionally during the year; the Psalm *De profundis*, for departed souls, and the Litany of the Blessed Virgin; to enable the faithful to join with the choir, when they are sung in that language.

May the Almighty bestow his blessing on this little work, which is consecrated to his glory! May those, who shall have it in their hands, reap from it, with the assistance of Divine grace, the precious fruits of pure religion, horror for vice, love of virtue, contempt of earthly goods, desires of heavenly bliss, and the most lively sentiments of divine love!

HYMNS, &c.

An Invitation to Praise God.

- 1 **S**ING ye praises to the Lord. —— Alleluia.
Bless his name with one accord, —— Alleluia.
For it's owing to his care, —— Alleluia.
What we have and what we are, —— Alleluia.
- 2 He first made us by his pow'r —— Alleluia.
He preserves us ev'ry hour —— Alleluia.
Food and raiment, all are his, —— Alleluia.
Present comfort, future bliss, —— Alleluia.
- 3 He directs our steps by day, —— Alleluia.
Pointing out the safest way, —— Alleluia.
And at night in mercy still, —— Alleluia.
Guards us from all kinds of ill, —— Alleluia.
- 4 God forgave us, when undone —— Alleluia.
And redeem'd us by his son, —— Alleluia.
Raise your voices then and sing, —— Alleluia.
Loud hosannas to our king, —— Alleluia.

A Song of Praise to God.

- 1 **M**Y soul, thy great creator praise,
When cloth'd in his celestial rays ;
He in full majesty appears,
And like a robe, his glory wears.

Great is the Lord, what tongue can frame,
An equal glory to his name.

- 2 The heav'ns, are for his curtain spread,
Th' unfathom'd deep he makes his bed,
Clouds are his charriots, when he flies,
On winged storms across the skies :
Great is the Lord, &c.

The Same.

- 1 GRATEFUL notes and numbers bring,
While the name of God we sing ;
Holy, holy, holy Lord,
Be thy glorious name ador'd.
Men on earth, and saints above,
Sing the great Redeemer's love,
Lord thy mercies never fail,
Hail, celestial goodness, hail !

- 2 While on earth ordain'd to stay,
Guide our footsteps in thy way ;
Mortals, raise your voices high,
'Till they reach the echoing sky.
Men on earth, &c.

The Principal Acts of Religion.

THE PRESENCE OF GOD.

- 1 TO lie hid from thine awful face,
Lord, whither could I fly ?
Thy presence fills th' infinite space,
All's naked to thine eye.
In thee we live, in thee we move,
In thee we have our being ;

Thou art our keeper from above,
Our Father and our King.

Adoration.

2 Great Lord, we fall before thy throne,
Thee humbly we adore ;
Thou art our God ; to thee alone
Belong all praise and pow'r.
We all are thine ; thy mighty hand
Hath wrought our mortal frame ;
Let every tongue, through ev'ry land,
Give glory to thy name.

Faith.

3 Thee we adore, O Truth Divine ;
Pure, increated light ;
O ! let thy beams upon us shine,
Dispel the shades of night.
The word, which thou from heav'n hast brought,
Most humbly we receive ;
And by thy church unerring taught,
Most firmly we believe.

Hope.

4 O thou, the centre of my heart ;
My sov'reign good, my all ;
Ah ! do thy saving help impart ;
Support, or else I fall.
Strong with the aid of promis'd grace,
Cleans'd in my Saviour's blood,
I'll gladly run my earthly race,
And reach the blest abode.

Charity.

5 Immortal beauty, source divine,
Of goodness, light and love ;
How long, alas ! this heart of mine
Did hard, and loveless prove.

O Charity ! celestial fire,
 Take in me thine abode ;
 Possess my soul, my heart inspire,
 Unite me to my God.

Confidence in God.

- 1 LET all who have God's goodness prov'd,
 Still in his truth confide ;
 Whose mercy ne'er forsook the man
 Who on his truth rely'd.
- 2 Sing praises, therefore, to the Lord,
 From Sion his abode ;
 Proclaim his deeds, 'till all the world
 Confess no other God.
- 3 Through all the changing scenes of life,
 In trouble and in joy,
 The praises of my God, shall still
 My heart and tongue employ.
- 4 For in distress, to him I pray'd,
 He to my rescue came ;
 Since he vouchsaf'd his timely aid,
 For e'er I'll praise his name.
- 5 O make but trial of his love,
 Experience will decide,
 How blest they are, and only they
 Who in his truth confide.
- 6 Fear him, ye saints, and you will then
 Have nothing else to fear ;
 Make you his service your delight,
 Your wants shall be his care,

*The Peace of a Soul that Loves Jesus
Christ.*

- 1 **T**HOUGH all the powers of hell surround,
No evil will I fear ;
For while my Jesus is my friend,
No danger can come near.
Then, blessed Jesus ! dwell with me
And make me burn with love of thee ;
O blessed Jesus ! live with me,
'Till I may die and live with thee.
- 2 When virtue reigns within my heart,
And sin has lost its sway ;
My Jesus will his sweets impart,
And drive all care away.
Then blessed Jesus, &c.
- 3 With him possess'd, all nature round,
To me more lovely grows ;
Each pleasure heightens in my breast,
And with fresh ardour glows.
Then blessed Jesus, &c.
- 4 Then, Oh ! the dear enraptur'd thought !
Ah ! could I truly say,
It is no longer I who live,
'Tis Jesus lives in me !
Then blessed Jesus, &c.

The happy effects of the love of Jesus.

- 1 **G**RACES from my Jesus flowing,
Set the faithful breast on fire ;
Make the soul with raptures glowing,
Nought but heav'nly bliss desire,

Vain she thinks all transient joys,
 For eternal peace she sighs ;
 Nought can then disturb her rest,
 With her God supremely blest.

- 2 Here she may from care retiring
 Find a Sweet and healing balm,
 All celestial love inspiring,
 Shed around a heavenly calm.
 Vain she, &c.

- 3 Here with purest love remaining,
 Jesus answers every prayer ;
 With his help, the soul sustaining
 Makes her ev'ry blessing share.
 Vain she, &c.

Desires of loving God.

- 1 O POWER divine ! O charity !
 Heaven's choicest blessings join in thee ;
 In thee, the source of ev'ry grace ;
 In thee, the soothing balm of peace.
- 2 Celestial gift ! O heav'nly fire !
 That burns up each corrupt desire ;
 That made the martyrs smile at death,
 And in sweet raptures yield their breath.
- 3 O come to me, my bosom warm,
 And shield me from surrounding harm ;
 So may I at the parting hour,
 Rejoice to meet death's fatal pow'r.
- 4 My soul well fortify'd by thee,
 Triumphant gains eternity ;
 By sweet attraction drawn above,
 Absorpt, and lost in heav'nly love.

Praise and Thanksgiving.

- 1 WHILE heav'ns proclaim their maker's praise,
 And with his glory shine ;
 And heav'nly choirs in tuneful lays
 Extol his power divine.
 Let us our grateful thanks repay,
 And all his blessings own ;
 And let our songs of praise each day
 Ascend before his throne.
- 2 From him all heav'nly gifts proceed,
 We are his constant care ;
 Mild peace and plenty, each succeed,
 Of each he makes us share.
 His bounteous hands with blessings flow,
 Unceasing favours yield ;
 And ev'ry creature here below,
 Is with his goodness fill'd.
- 3 All nature joins in gen'ral song,
 To praise his sacred name,
 The lowing herd, the feather'd throng
 His wond'rous works proclaim.
 But, O my God, what's ev'ry praise,
 Thy creatures can display ?
 How low their most exalted lays,
 If but compar'd with thee !
- 4 But tho' thy greatness far transcends
 The praise of angels tongue ;
 Yet still thy goodness condescends
 To hear our feeble song.
 Oh ! then my fav'rite theme shall be,
 In loud exulting strain,
 To laud thy glorious majesty,
 And never ending reign,

A Song of Praise to the Divine Majesty.

1 **T**HE God of Abrah'm praise,
Who sits enthron'd above ;
Ancient of everlasting days,
And god of love.
JEHOVAH, GREAT I AM !
By heav'n and earth confess'd ;
I laud and praise thy holy name
For ever blest.

2 The whole triumphant host
Gives thanks to God on high,
Hail, Father, Son and Holy Ghost
They ever cry ;
Hail, Abrah'm's God and mine !
I join the heav'ly lays,
All might and majesty are thine,
And endless praise.

The Same.

1 **O**PRAISE ye the Lord ;
Sing his praise in the congregation of saints.
Sing glory to God in the highest ;
For we our voices high should raise,
When thee, O mighty God, we praise.
To him address, in joyful songs,
The praise that to his name belongs.
Raise your voices then and sing
Loud hosannas to our king.
Raise, &c.
Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia, &c.

God Praised in his Works.

- 1 **H**OW various Lord, thy works are found,
For which thy wisdom we adore ;
The earth is with thy treasures crown'd,
'Till nature's hand can grasp no more.
- 2 O then, that all the earth with me,
Would God, for this his goodness praise ;
And for the mighty works which he
Throughout the wand'ring world displays !

The Same.

- 1 **C**OME, sound his praise abroad,
And hymns of glory sing ;
Jehovah is the sov'reign God,
The universal king.
Praise ye the Lord, Alleluia, &c.
- 2 He form'd the deeps unknown,
He gave the seas their bound,
The wat'ry worlds are all his own
And all the solid ground.
Praise ye the Lord, Alleluia, &c.
- 3 Come, worship at his throne,
Come, bow before the Lord ;
We are his work, and not our own,
He form'd us by his word. Praise ye, &c.
- 4 To day attend his voice,
Nor dare provoke his rod ;
Come like the people of his choice,
And own your gracious God. Praise ye, &c.

*Return of a Dissipated Soul to God, and to
Herself.*

- 1 **W**HERE have my wand'ring senses been,
Absent from all that's good ?
How long, my soul, ah ! wilt thou stray,
Forgetful of thy god ?
- 2 How quickly pass my fleeting hour,
And to my exit tend !
All nature, ev'ry thing around
Informs me of my end.
- 3 And shall I still unmindful be,
Nor for my soul prepare ?
But live in vain security ;
Nor death, nor judgement fear ?
- 4 Oh, no ! no more a flatt'ring world,
Shall e'er my soul ensnare ;
Henceforth, O Lord ! thy sweet commands,
Shall be my only care.
- 5 Thy judgments, Lord, now pierce my soul,
And shake my bones with dread ;
The voice of rigid justice roars,
Like thunder, o'er my head.
- 6 But, Jesus ! now thy mercies show,
And calm thy troubled breast ;
'Tis in thy precious blood I hope,
For peace and endless rest.

A farewell to the world.

- 1 **N**O longer shall my soul confide,
In fleeting pleasures, vain and void ;

Henceforth, her noble views extend,
To life and bliss, that know no end.

- 2 My Jesus had trac'd out the way ;
He'll be my guide, I cannot stray.
Adieu, ye vain terrestrial joys,
My soul shall e'er your charms despise.
- 3 My Saviour calls to pure delights,
To heavenly bliss, my soul invites,
And makes her with soft raptures glow,
And long to leave these realms below.
- 4 But whilst thy sacred will ordains,
My soul to dwell in earthly chains,
My wish, my only care shall be,
To seek thee, Lord, and only thee.

Sentiments of a Sinner returning to God.

- 1 **L**ORD, my sins lie heavy on my mind,
And sad affliction pierces to my heart ;
Fears of death, and endless woe combin'd,
Unceasing horrors to my soul impart.
Mercy, Lord, thy tender mercy show,
And spare the soul for whom thy blood did flow.
- 2 Heedless of thy holy dread command,
I walk securely in the paths of death ;
Yet, O stay, thy fierce avenging hand,
Nor in thy wrath, demand my fleeting breath,
Mercy, &c.
- 3 Peace has left my breast and nought remains,
But stings of keen remorse and deadly fear ;
Cover'd o'er with guilt and sinful stains,
How shall I in thy presence, Lord, appear ?
Mercy, &c.

4 Jesus, source of peace, my fear disarm ;

Oh ! had I sought thee, with attentive care ;
 Beams of cheering hope my soul would calm,
 And save me now, from sinking to despair.
 Mercy, &c.

5 Vain is ev'ry thought and ev'ry care,

That does not lead, O Lord the soul to thee ;
 Short their pleasures, soon they bring despair,
 And cast her into endless misery.

Mercy, &c.

6 Lord, I see how much my sins offend ;

I grieve, I'll strive to wipe the stains away ;
 Jesus, now thy kind assistance lend,
 For else my helpless soul again will stray,
 Mercy, &c.

Contemplation of Heaven.

1 COME, let us lift our joyful eyes
 Up to the courts above,
 And smile to see the Father there,
 Upon a throne of love.
 The peaceful gates of heav'nly bliss,
 Are open'd by the Son ;
 High let us raise our notes of praise. } Twice.
 And reach th' Almighty throne. }

2 O heav'n ! O land of pure delight,
 Where saints immortal reign,
 Whence endless day excludes the night,
 And pleasure banish pain !
 When shall my soul, from darkness free,
 To thy bright seats remove ;
 For e'er to praise my dearest Lord } Twice.
 In endless peace and love.

3 To him who sits upon the throne,
 The God who all us made ;
 And to the Lamb, once for us slain,
 Be endless honours paid :
 To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 The God whom we adore,
 Be glory as it was and is,
 And shall be evermore.
 Be glo.....ry
 Be glory ever more.

*A song of praise to Jesus in the blessed
 Sacrament.*

1 O JESU, Deus mag-
 ne,
 Pastor bone !
 O dulcis, dulcis agne !
 O manna !
 O Jesu, Pastor bone !
 O panis Salutaris !
 O manna ! O panis !
 O Agne ! O Jesu !
 O Jesu, Jesu mi !

2 O potestas !
 Quid non præstas ?
 Quid non præstas ho-
 mini ?
 O Jesu &c.

1 O JESUS, blessed
 Saviour,
 Dearest Saviour
 O source of heav'ly fa-
 vour,
 O manna !
 O blessed food of heaven !
 By thee each grace is
 given.
 O manna ! heav'ly food !
 O sweet Lamb ! O my
 God !
 O Jesus ! O my God !

2 O power divine !
 Where's love like thine ?
 O sweetest Lamb !
 O power divine !
 Where's love like thine,
 For fallen man !

Adoration of Jesus in the blessed Sacrament.

- 1 SAVING** host we fall before thee,
 Trusting in our Saviour's word ;
Thee we own, the Lord of glory,
 Thee we own, our sovereign Lord ;
 While our evil foes contending,
 Threaten our eternal loss ;
Be with heav'nly grace defending,
 And protect us with thy cross.
- 2** From thy Father's throne descending,
 Thou becom'st our daily bread ;
'Midst celestial hosts attending,
 With thy flesh, our souls are fed.
Come thou source of ev'ry blessing ;
 Warm our hearts with love divine,
Let thy grace our souls possessing,
 Make us be for ever thine.

The love of Jesus in the Eucharist.

- 1 STREAMS** of heav'nly love descending,
 Softly touch the sinner's heart ;
 Jesus to our wants attending,
 Bears of all our pains a part.
 Jesus ! all our hopes sustaining,
 On our altars e'er remaining,
 Henceforth my only bliss shall be,
 To think and meditate on thee.
- 2** From his lovely presence flowing,
 Beams of love, celestial rays ;
 They within the bosom glowing,
 Heavenly raptures sweetly raise.
 Jesus ! all, &c

3 Here, beneath these veils residing,
 He's our comfort, when distress'd ;
 Pure delights for us providing,
 Foretastes of eternal rest.
 Jesus ! all, &c.

The Sweets of the Love of Jesus.

1 GRACE descending from above,
 Inspires the soul with heav'nly love ;
 Makes her longing wish to rise,
 On angel's wing above the skies.
 Thy love, O Jesus, is my song,
 How does my soul with raptures long
 To be dissolv'd and be with thee,
 And share thy love eternally.

2 When my soul from passion free,
 Retires to meditate on thee ;
 All that pleas'd so much before,
 Then lose their charms, and please no more.
 Thy love, &c.

3 Thoughts of thee, inflame my heart,
 And ev'ry purer wish impart ;
 Dull in ev'ry other care,
 My soul no other bliss can share.
 Thy love, &c.

4 O what sweets the saints must prove,
 Who taste with thee, the joy's above ;
 Doom'd by sweet necessity,
 To love thee all eternity !
 Thy love, &c.

The Holy Name of Jesus.

JESU DULCIS MEMORIA, &c.

- 1 JESUS, the only thought of thee
 With sweetness fills my breast ;
 But sweeter far it is to see,
 And on thy beauty feast.
 No sound, no harmony so gay,
 Can art of music frame ;
 No thoughts can reach, no words can say
 The sweets of thy blest name.
- 2 Jesus, our hope when we repent ;
 Sweet source of all our grace ;
 Sole comfort in our banishment ;
 O what, when face to face !
 Jesus ! that name inspires my mind
 With springs of life and light ;
 More than I ask in thee I find,
 And lavish in delight.
- 3 No art or eloquence of man
 Can tell the joys of love ;
 Only the saints can understand,
 What they in Jesus prove.
 Thee then I'll seek, retir'd apart,
 From world and bus'ness free ;
 When these shall knock, I'll shut my heart,
 And keep it all for thee.
- 4 Before the morning light I'll come
 With Magdalen, to find,
 In sighs and tears, my Jesus' tomb,
 And there refresh my mind.
 My tears upon his grave shall flow,
 My sighs the garden fill ;
 Then at his feet myself I'll throw,
 And there I'll seek his will.

5 Jesus, in thy blest steps I'll tread,
 And walk in all thy ways ;
 I'll never cease to weep and plead,
 'Till I'm restor'd to grace.

O King of love, thy blessed fire
 Does such sweet flames excite,
 That first it raises the desire,
 Then fills it with delight.

6 Thy lovely presence shines so clear
 Through ev'ry sense and way,
 That souls which once have seen thee near,
 See all things else decay.
 Come then, dear Lord, possess my heart ;
 Chase thence the shades of night ;
 Come, pierce it with thy flaming dart,
 And ever-shining light.
 Then I'll forever Jesus sing,
 And with the saints rejoice ;
 And both my heart and tongue shall bring
 Their tribute to my dearest King,
 In never-ending joys.

Aspirations before Communion.

1 **M**Y God, my life, my love,
 To thee, to thee I call ;
 O come to me from heaven above,
 And be my God, my all.

2 My faith behold thee, Lord,
 Conceal'd in human food ;
 My senses fail ; but in thy word
 I trust, and find my God.

3 O, when wilt thou be mine,
 Sweet lover of my soul !
 My Jesus dear, my King divine ;
 Come, o'er my heart to rule,

4 O come ! and fix thy throne,
 In the midst of my heart ;
 O make it burn for thee alone,
 And from thence ne'er depart.

5 Be gone ye, from my mind,
 Vain childish earthly toys ;
 In my Jesus alone I find
 True pleasures, solid joys.

Aspirations after Communion.

1 **W**HAT happiness can equal mine ?
 I've found the object of my love ;
 My Jesus dear, my king divine
 Is come to me from heav'n above.
 He chose my heart for his abode,
 He there becomes my daily bread ;
 There on me flows his healing blood,
 There, with his flesh, my soul is fed.

2 I am my love's, and he is mine ;
 In me he dwells, in him I live ;
 What greater treasure could I find ?
 And could ye, heav'ns, a greater give ?
 O sacred banquet, heav'nly feast !
 O overflowing source of grace,
 Where, God the food and man the guest,
 Meet and unite in sweet embrace !

3 Ye angels, lend your heav'nly tongues ;
 Come, and with me in praises join ;

Come, and unite in thankful songs,
 Your sweet immortal voice to mine.
 O, that I had your burning hearts,
 To love my God, my spouse most dear !
 O that he would with flaming darts,
 Praise in my heart a heav'nly fire !

- 4** Dear Jesus ! now my heart is thine ;
 O may it from thee never fly !
 Hold it with chains of love divine,
 Make it be thine eternally.
 Vain objects, that seduc'd my soul,
 I now despise your fleeting charms ;
 In vain temptation's billows roll,
 I lie secure in Jesu's arms.

Jesus our only Hope.

- 1** JESUS, lover of my soul,
 Let me to thy bosom fly ;
 While the nearer waters roll,
 While the tempest still is high.
 Hide me, O my Saviour Hide,
 'Till the storm of life is past ;
 Safe into the haven guide,
 O receive my soul at last.
- 2** Other refuge, I have none,
 Hangs my helpless soul on thee ;
 Leave, ah ! leave me not alone,
 Still support and comfort me, Hide me, &c.
- 3** All my trust in thee is stay'd,
 All my help from thee I bring ;
 Cover my defenceless head,
 With the shadow of thy wing. Hide me, &c.

*The Security of a Soul who abandons herself
to the care of Divine Providence.*

FROM PSALM 22.

- 1 **T**HE Lord my pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a shepherd's care ;
His presence shall my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful eye ;
My noon-day walks, he shall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.
- 2 When on the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountain pant ;
To fertile vales and dewy meads
My weary, wand'ring steps he leads ;
Where peaceful rivers soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landskips flow.
- 3 Tho' in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread ;
My stedfast heart shall feel no ill,
For thou, O Lord, art with me still.
Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful shade.
- 4 Tho' in a bare and rugged way,
Through devious lonely wilds I stray ;
Thy bounty shall my pains beguile,
The barren wilderness shall smile,
With sudden greens, and herbage crown'd,
And streams shall murmur all around.

Aspirations in the moment of Communion.

DELIGHTFUL moment ! happy hour !
My heart is drawn with mighty charms ;
O love ! O love ! I feel thy pow'r,
Since I repose in Jesus' arms.

The Lord's Day.

- 1 **W**ELCOME, sweet day of rest,
That saw the Lord arise !
Welcome to this reviving breast,
And these rejoicing eyes.
- 2 The heav'ly king comes near,
To feast his saints to day ;
Here, we may sit, and see him here,
And love, and praise, and pray.
- 3 Come, hasten mortal tongues,
This day, the Lord to praise ;
Come, mix with angelical songs.
Your grateful, joyful lays.
- 4 One day amidst the place,
Where my Redeemer lies ;
Is sweeter far than thousand days
In worldly, sinful joys.
- 5 My willing soul would stay,
In such a frame as this ;
And sit and sing herself away,
To everlasting bliss.

A Song of Praise.

- 1 **E**TERNAL source of ev'ry joy,
Well may thy praise our lips employ ;
While in thy temple we appear,
Whose goodness crowns the circling year,
While, as the wheels of nature roll,
Thy hands support the steady Pole ;
The sun is taught by thee to rise,
And darkness bid to veil the skies.

- 2 Seasons renew'd, and years, and days,
 • Demands successive songs of praise ;
 Still, be our grateful homage paid
 With morning light and evening shade ;
 So may we, with harmonious tongue,
 In realms unknown, pursue the song ;
 And thee, in brighter courts adore,
 Where days and years revolve no more.

The Love of God for Man.

- 1 SING my soul, his wond'rous love,
 Who from his bright throne above,
 Ever watchful o'er our race,
 Still to man extend his grace.
 Ever watchful, &c.

- 2 Heav'n and Earth, by him were made,
 All is by his sceptre sway'd ;
 What are we, that he should shew
 So much love to us below.
 What are we, &c.

- 3 Sing my tongue, his holy name,
 Let his glory be thy theme ;
 Praise him, 'till he calls us home,
 Trust his love for all to come.
 Praise him, &c.

- 4 Praise the Lord, who reigns above,
 Fountain of eternal love.
 Praise him, all the heav'nly host,
 Father, Son and Holy Ghost.
 Praise him, &c,

Before Catechism, or Sermon.

- 1 **T**HE wonders which God's laws contain,
No words can represent ;
Therefore, to learn and practise them,
Our zealous hearts are bent.
The very entrance of his laws,
Celestial light displays,
And knowledge of true happiness
To simple minds conveys.
- 2 With favour, Lord, look down on us,
Who thy relief implore ;
As thou art wont to visit those
Who thy blest name adore.
Eternal and unerring rules
Thy testimonies give ;
Teach us thy wisdom, that will make
Our souls forever live.
- 3 To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom we adore ;
Be glory as it was, and is,
And shall be evermore.
To Father, Son, &c.
(Or, in Easter Time, Alleluia eight times over.)

Invocation of the Holy Ghost.

VENI SANCTE SPIRITUS.

- 1 **C**OME, Holy Ghost, send down those beams,
Which sweetly flow in silent streams,
From thy bright throne above ;
Come, thou the Father of the poor,
Thou bounteous source of all our store ;
Come, fire our hearts with love.

- 2 Come, thou of Comforters the best ;
 Come, thou the soul's delightful guest,
 The pilgrim's sweet relief ;
 Thou art our rest in toil and sweat,
 Refreshment in excessive heat,
 And solace in our grief.
- 3 O sacred light, shoot home thy darts ;
 O pierce the centre of these hearts,
 Whos' faith aspires to thee ;
 Without thy Godhead, nothing can
 Have any price or worth in man ;
 Nothing can harmless be.
- 4 Lord, wash our sinful stains away ;
 Water from heav'n our barren clay ;
 Our wounds and bruises heal :
 To thy sweet yoke, our stiff necks bend ;
 T' inflame our cold hearts, thy fire send ;
 Our wand'ring feet repeal.
- 5 O grant thy faithful, dearest Lord,
 Whose only hope is thy sure word,
 The sev'n gifts of thy Spirit ;
 Grant us in life t' obey thy grace ;
 Grant us at death, to see thy face,
 And endless joys inherit.

*Hymns for the various Sundays and Festivals
 through the Year.*

FOR COMMON SUNDAYS.

- 1 **L**UCIS Creator optime,
 Lucem dierum proferens ;
 Primordiis lucis novæ,
 Mundi parans originem.

2 Qui mane junctum vesperi
 Diem vocari præcipis,
 Illabitur tetur Chaos,
 Audi preces cum fletibus.

3 Ne mens gravata criminis,
 Vitæ sit exul munere :
 Dum nil perenne cogitat,
 Seseque culpis illigat.

4 Cæleste pulset ostium :
 Vitale tollat prœmium :
 Vitemus omne noxium,
 Purgemus omne pessimum.

5 Præsta, Pater piissime,
 Patrique compar Unice,
 Cum Spiritu paraclito,
 Regnans per omne sæculum.

The same, in English.

1 O GREAT Creator of the light,
 Who, from the darksome womb of night,
 Brought'st forth new light, at nature's birth,
 To shine upon the face of th' earth.

2 Who, by the morn and evening ray,
 Hast measur'd time, and call'd it day ;
 Whilst sable night involves the spheres,
 Vouchsafe to hear our pray'rs and tears.

3 Lest our frail mind, with sin defil'd,
 From gift of life should be exil'd,
 Whilst on no heav'nly things she thinks,
 But twines herself in satan's links ;

- 4 O may she soar to heav'n above,
 The happy seat of life and love ;
 Meantime, all sinful actions shun,
 And purge the foul ones she hath done.
- 5 This pray'r, most gracious Father, hear ;
 Thy equal Son incline his ear,
 Who, with the Holy Ghost and thee,
 Doth live and reign eternally.

Hymn of Thanksgiving.

TE DEUM, &c.

THEE, Sovereign God, our grateful accents praise ;
 We own thee, Lord, and bless thy wond'rous ways.
 To thee, eternal Father, earth's whole frame
 With loudest trumpets, sounds immortal fame.
 Lord God of hosts ! to thee the heav'nly pow'rs,
 With sounding anthems, fill thy vaulted tow'rs :
 Thy Cherubs, Holy, Holy, Holy cry ;
 Thrice holy, all the Seraphim reply.
 Both heav'n and earth, thy majesty display ;
 They owe their beauty to thy glorious ray.
 Thy praises fill the loud Apostles' choir ;
 The train of Prophets, in thy song conspire ;
 Legions of Martyrs, in the chorus shine ;
 And vocal blood, with vocal music join.
 By these, thy church, inspir'd with heavenly art,
 Around the world, maintains a second part,
 And tunes her sweetest notes, O God, to thee,
 The Father of unbounded majesty.
 The Son, ador'd co-partner of thy seat,
 And equal, everlasting Paraclete.
 Thou King of glory, Christ, of the Most High ;
 Thou co-eternal, filial Deity ;
 Thou, to save the world from impending doom,
 Vouchsaf'st to dwell within a Virgin's womb :

Death thou hast conquer'd ; from its fetters free,
 The faithful in thy kingdom, reign with thee.
 At God's right hand, on a resplendant throne,
 Thou sitt'st ; thy Father's glory is thy own.
 Thou art to judge the living and the dead ;
 Then spare those souls, for whom thy veins have bled.
 O take us up amongst the bless'd above,
 To share with them thy everlasting love.
 Preserve, O Lord, thy people, and enhance
 Thy blessing on thine own inheritance :
 Forever raise their hearts, and rule their ways :
 Each day we bless thee, and proclaim thy praise.
 No age shall fail to celebrate thy name,
 Nor hour neglect thy everlasting fame.
 Preserve our souls, O lord, this day from ill ;
 Have mercy on us, Lord, have mercy still :
 As we have hop'd, do thou regard our pain ;
 We've hop'd in thee ; let not our hope be vain.

For Advent.

HYMN.

Verbum Supernum, &c.

- 1 **T**HE Lord no longer will delay ;
 Behold the dawn of th' happy day,
 Which peace and blessings brings on earth,
 And witnesses the Saviour's birth.
- 2 The son of God is sent to pay
 The debt our nature can't defray ;
 May all at least compound th' arrears,
 With humble hearts and grateful tears.
- 3 Our minds, O God, with light inspire,
 And warm our hearts with heav'nly fire,
 'Till, flaming with seraphic love,
 We relish only things above.

- 4 Let endless times aloud proclaim,
The glory, power, praise and name
Of God the Father, and the Son,
And Holy Spirit, three in one.

Hymn at Vespers.

- 1 C REATOR alme siderum,
Æterna lux credentium,
Jesu Redemptor omnium,
Intende votis supplicum.
- 2 Qui demonis ne fraudibus
Periret orbis, impetu
Amoris actus, languidi
Mundi medela factus es.
- 3 Commune qui mundi nefas.
Ut expiares, ad crucem
E Virginis sacrario
Intacta prodis victima.
- 4 Cujus potestas gloriæ,
Nomenque cum primum sonat,
Et cœlites, et inferi
Tremente curvantur genu.
- 5 Te deprecamur ultimæ
Magnum diei Judicem ;
Armis supernæ gratiæ
Defende nos ab hostibus.
- 6 Virtus, honor, laus, gloria,
Deo Patri cum Filio,
Sancto simul Paracleto,
In sæculorum sæcula.

The same, in English.

- 1 **B**RIGHT Maker of the starry poles,
Eternal Light of faithful souls,
Christ, Saviour of mankind, espouse
Our cause, and hear our humble vows ;
- 2 Who, lest the fraud of hell's fell king
Should all men to destruction bring,
Didst, by an act of gen'rous love,
The fainting world's Physician prove ;
- 3 Who, that thou might'st our ransom pay,
And wash the stains of sin away,
Would'st from a Virgin's womb proceed.
And on the cross a victim bleed ;
- 4 Whose glorious pow'r, whose saving name
No sooner any voice can frame,
But heav'n, and earth, and hell, agree
To honour them with bended knee.
- 5 Thee, of the last accounting day
The Sov'reign Judge, we humbly pray.
Of heav'nly grace such plenty send,
As may our souls from sin defend.
- 6 Let endless times aloud proclaim
The glory, power, praise and name
Of God the Father, and the Son,
And Holy Spirit, three in one.

The Nativity of our Lord.

ANTHEM.

- 1 **A**DESTE fideles
Læti triumphantes ;

Venite, venite in Bethlehem.

Natum videte
Regem angelorum.
Venite, adoremus;
Venite, adoremus
Venite, adoremus Dominum.

2 Deum de Deo,
Lumen de lumine
Gestant puellæ viscera viscera,
Deum Verum
Genitum, non factum.
Venite, &c.

3 Cantet nunc Io !
Chorus angelorum
Cantet nunc aula celestium
Gloria
In excelsis Deo ;
Venite, &c.

4 Ergo, qui natus
Die hodierna,
Jesu tibi sit gloria.
Patris oeterni
Verbum caro factum,
Venite, &c.

The same, in English.

1 **W**ITH hearts truly grateful,
Come, all ye faithful,
To Jesus, to Jesus in Bethlehem.
See Christ your Saviour,
Heav'ns greatest favour.
Let's hasten to adore him,
Let's hasten to adore him,
Let's hasten to adore him, our God and King,

2 God to God equal,
 Light of light eternal ;
 Carried in virgin's e'er spotless womb,
 He all, preceded,
 Begotten, not created.
 Let's hasten, &c.

3 Angels, now praise him,
 Loud their voices raising ;
 The heav'nly mansion with joy now ring ;
 To him who's most holy,
 Be honour, praise and glory.
 Let's hasten, &c.

4 To Jesus this day born,
 Grateful homage return ;
 'Tis he, who all heav'nly gifts doth bring ;
 Word increated,
 To our flesh united.
 Let's hasten, &c.

5 We joyfully singing,
 Grateful tributes bringing,
 Praise him, and bless him in heav'nly hymns.
 Angels implore him,
 Seraphs fall before him.
 Then e'er let us adore him,—our God and King.

Christmas Hymn.

1 WHILE angels to the world proclaim
 The birth of Christ our King ;
 To magnify his sacred name,
 We'll joyful anthems sing.
 We'll, &c.

2 The watchful shepherds, seiz'd with fear
 At radiant light divine,

When they the happy tidings hear,
 Their Alleluias join.
 Their, &c.

3 Hail, Bethlehem, thus dignified
 By Jesus' humble birth !
 May this subdue th' ambitious pride
 Of princes on the earth,
 Of, &c,

4 The eastern sages wealth dispense,
 And to him presents bring,
 Of gold, of myrrh, and frankincense,
 As God, as Man, as King.
 As, &c.

5 O grant, contending sov'reigns may
 Their wise example take,
 And direful war be chas'd away,
 For Christ our Saviour's sake.
 For, &c,

6 Be glory giv'n to God on high,
 And peace on earth to men ;
 With grace divine our souls supply ;
 Dear Jesus, say, Amen.
 Dear, &c.

Another Hymn,

1 SION rejoice, let joyful songs,
 Replace thy doleful lays ;
 Ye, angels lend your heav'nly tongues,
 To sing our saviour's praise.
 Jesus, the son of God's delight
 Brings joy to them that mourn ;
 Lo ! in the midst of silent night,
 He's from a virgin born.

2 O shepherds, hear the heav'ly voice,
The happy tidings hear !

Mortals, let joy succeed your sighs ;
And sweet hope banish fear.

The mighty Lord, who rules the skies,
Is cloth'd in mortal frame ;

The thund'rer sends forth infant cries,
And JESUS is his name.

3 How wond'rous is thy power, O love !
A God thus to debase ;

From his eternal seats above,
There sinful man to raise !

Th' eternal God is born in time ;
Th' immortal lives to die ;

Th' immense in swaddling clothes confin'd,
Doth in a manger lie.

4 Rejoice ye nations of the earth,
Who sat in shades of night ;

Rejoice at your Redeemer's birth,
Salute the rising light.

Hail, Infant God ! hail, Babe Divine !
Hail, God's incarnate word !

Hail, great Restorer of mankind,
Our Saviour, and our Lord !

5 Bright angels, strike your loudest strings,
Your sweetest voices raise ;

Let heav'n and all created things,
Sound our Emmanuel's praise.

Glory and pow'r to God on high,
And peace to men on earth !

Let heav'n and earth unite their joy,
At the Redeemer's birth,

Another Hymn.

A SOLIS ORTUS CARDINE, &c.

- 1 FROM east to west, from pole to pole,
Let ev'ry tongue and ev'ry soul,
Let creatures all conspire to sing
The praises of our new-born King.
- 2 The God of nature, for our sake,
Our servile nature chose to take ;
He was made flesh, weak flesh to aid,
And save the work his hands had made.
- 3 In Mary's womb he takes his place,
And there erects his seat of grace ;
In silence she ador'd and bless'd
The saered myst'ry in her breast.
- 4 Her virgin womb, that chaste abode,
Becomes the temple of her God ;
Amongst Eve's daughters, she alone,
A spotless maid, brings forth a Son.
- 5 Behold him in the manger laid,
A sheaf of straw his royal bed ;
And he, whose bounty feeds the rest,
Lies craving at his mother's breast.
- 6 Here angels to their Maker sing ;
Here heav'n's loud choirs with echoes ring !
Whilst shepherds here adore and know
Their Pastor, and Creator too.
- 7 May age to age forever sing
The Virgin's Son and angel's King,
And praise, with the celestial host,
The Father, Son and Holy Ghost.

Hymn at Vespers.

JESU REDEMPTOR OMNIUM, &c.

- 1 JESUS, the Ransomer of man,
Who, e'er created light began,
Didst from the sov'reign Father spring,
His pow'r and glory equalling ;
- 2 Thou brightness of thy Father's rays,
The hope and end of all our ways ;
With gracious ears the pray'rs attend,
Which round the world to thee ascend.
- 3 Remember, Lord, that heretofore,
When thee thy Virgin Mother bore,
Thou, from her womb, did breathe our air
And human nature for us wear.
- 4 To thee, this present solemn day,
We yearly adorations pay ;
The world's Redeemer thee we own,
Descending from thy Father's throne.
- 5 The joyful heavens, earth and main,
With whatsoever they contain,
In new harmonious accents sing,
New life restor'd by th' new-born King,
- 6 And we presume too, who have been
Cleans'd by thy sacred blood from sin,
The tribute of an hymn to pay,
In honour of this joyful day.
- 7 Jesus, to thee, the Virgin's Son,
Be everlasting homage done :
To God the Father we repeat
The same, and to the Paraclete.

Holy Innocents.

HYMN.

Salvete, flores Martyrum, &c.

- 1 **H**AIL, Martyrs ! blossoms early blown,
Just op'ning to the rising sun,
When Herod, like a storin, arose
And nipt each little blooming rose.
- 2 Young, tender flock, you, first of all,
For Christ a grateful victim fall ;
With palms and wreaths you sport and play,
And at his feet your garlands lay.
- 3 To Jesus, from a Virgin sprung,
Be glory giv'n, and praises sung ;
The same to God the Father be,
And Holy Ghost, eternally.

Epiphany or Twelfth Day.

HYMN.

O sola magnarum urbium, &c.

- 1 **L**EET other cities strive, which most
Can of their strength or heroes boast ;
Bethleh'm alone is chos'n to be
The seat of heav'n-born Majesty.
- 2 Led by the star, the sages ran
To own their King both God and Man ;
And with their incense, myrrh and gold,
The myst'ries of their vows unsold.
- 3 To God the censer's smoke ascends ;
The gold the sov'reign King attends :

In myrrh the bitter type we see,
Of suff'ring and mortality.

- 4 To Christ, who did the Gentiles call,
Be endless glory giv'n by all ;
To God the Father we repeat
The same, and to the Paraclete.

Lent.

HYMN AT VESPERS.

- 1 AUDI benigne Conditor
Nostras preces cum fletibus,
In hoc sacro jejunio.
Fusas quadragenario.
- 2 Scrutator alme cordium,
Infirma tu scis virium ;
Ad te reversis exhibe
Remissionis gratiam,
- 3 Multum quidem peccavimus,
Sed parce confitentibus :
Ad nominis laudem tui
Confer medelam languidis.
- 4 Concede nostrum conteri
Corpus per abstinentiam ;
Culpæ ut relinquant pabulum,
Jejuna corda criminum.
- 5 Præsta beata Trinitas,
Concede simplex unitas ;
Ut fructuosa sint tuis,
Jejuniorum munera.

The same, in English.

- 1 **O** BOUNTIFUL Creator ! hear
The prayers which with an humble fear,
Before thy throne, this sacred Lent,
We pour from hearts with sorrow rent.
- 2 Almighty searcher of our hearts !
Thou know'st the weakness of our parts ;
We to thy tender mercies fly ;
Ah ! do thy healing grace apply.
- 3 Alas ! our sins are numberless ;
But we our guilt with grief confess :
Lord, for the glory of thy name,
From death our sinful souls reclaim.
- 4 Whilst we by fast our flesh restrain,
Permit us not to sin again :
O may our hearts from vices free,
For ever live and burn for thee !
- 5 Grant, O most holy Trinity !
O undivided unity ;
The labour of this solemn fast,
May lead us to eternal rest.

In Passion Time.

THE PLAINT OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

- 1 **S**TABAT mater dolorosa,
Juxta crucem lacrymosa,
Dum pendebat filius,
Cujus animam gementem,
Contristatam et dolentem,
Pertransivit gladius.

- 2 O quam tristis et afflita,
 Fuit illa benedicta
 Mater unigeniti.
 Quæ mærebat et dolebat,
 Et tremebat cum videbat
 Nati pœnas inclyti.
- 3 Quis est homo qui non fleret,
 Christi matrem si videret
 In tanto supplicio ?
 Quis posset non contristari
 Piam matrem contemplari
 Dolentem cum filio ?
- 4 Pro peccatis suæ gentis
 Vedit Jesum in tormentis,
 Et flagellis subditum.
 Vedit suum dulcem natum,
 Morientem, desolatum,
 Dum emisit spiritum.
- 5 Eia mater fons amoris
 Me sentire vim doloris
 Fac, ut tecum lugeam.
 Fac ut ardeat cor meum,
 In amando Ch̄ristum Deum,
 Ut illi complaceam.
- 6 Sancta mater istud agas,
 Crucifixi fige plagas
 Cordi meo valide.
 Tui Nati vulnerati,
 Tam dignati pro me pati,
 Pœnas mecum divide.
- 7 Fac me vere tecum flere,
 Crucifixo condolere,
 Donec ego vixero.

Juxta crucem tecum stare,
Te libenter sociare,
In planctu desidero.

8 Virgo virginum præclara,
Mihi jam non sis amara,
Fac me tecum plangere.
Fac ut portem Christi mortem,
Passionis ejus sortem,
Et plagas recolere.

9 Fac me plagis vulnerari,
Cruce hac inebrari,
Ob amorem filii.
Inflammatus et accensus,
Per te virgo sim defensus,
In die judicii.

10 Fac me cruce custodiri,
Morte Christi præmuniri,
Confoveri gratia.
Quando corpus morietur,
Fac ut animæ donetur,
Paradisi gloria.

The same, in English.

1 **U**NDER the world's redeeming wood
The most afflicted Mother stood,
Mingling her tears with her Son's blood.

2 As that stream'd down from ev'ry part,
Of all his wounds she felt the smart ;
What pierc'd his body, pierc'd her heart.

3 Who can with tearless eyes look on,
When such a Mother such a Son
Wounded and gasping, does bemoan ?

- 4 O ! worse than Jewish heart, that could
Unmoved see the double flood
Of Mary's tears and Jesus' blood !
- 5 Alas ! our sins, they were not his,
In this atoning sacrifice,
For which he bleeds, for which he dies.
- 6 When graves did open, rocks were rent :
When nature and each element
His torments and his grief resent ;
- 7 Shall man, the cause of all his pain
And all his grief ; shall sinful man
Only insensible remain ?
- 8 Ah ! pious Mother, teach my heart,
Of sighs and tears the holy art,
And in thy grief to bear a part.
- 9 That sword of grief, that did pass through
Thy very soul, O may it now
One kind wound on my heart bestow !
- 10 Great Queen of sorrows, in thy train
Let me a mourner's place obtain,
With tears to cleanse all sinful stain.
- 11 Refuge of sinners, grant that we
May tread thy steps ; and let it be
Our sorrow, not to grieve like thee.
- 12 O may the wounds of thy dear Son
Our contrite hearts possess alone,
And all terrene affections drown.
- 13 And on us such impression make,
That we of suff'ring, for his sake,
May joyfully our portion take !

- 14 Let us his proper badge put on,
Let's glory in the cross alone,
By which he marks us for his own.
- 15 That when the dreadful day shall come,
For ev'ry man to hear his doom,
On his right hand we may find room.
- 16 Pray for us, Mary : Jesus, hear
Our humble prayers ; secure our fear,
When thou in judgment shalt appear.
- 17 Now give us sorrow, give us love,
That, so prepar'd, we may remove,
When call'd, to the blest seats above.

*In Passion Time, i. e. the two last weeks
of Lent.*

HYMN AT VESPERS, WHICH IS SUNG ALSO ON THE FESTIVALS
OF THE HOLY CROSS.

- 1 **V**EXILLA regis prodeunt,
Fulget crucis mysterium,
Quo vita mortem pertulit,
Et morte vitam protulit.
- 2 Quæ vulnerata lanceæ
Mucrone diro, criminum
Ut nos lavaret sordibus,
Manavit unda et sanguine.
- 3 Impleta sunt quæ concinit
David fidelij carmine,
Dicendo nationibus :
Regnavit a ligno Deus.

4 Arbor decora et fulgida
 Ornata regis purpura,
 Electa digno stipite,
 Tam sancta membra tangere.

5 Beata, cujus brachiis
 Pretium pependit sæculi,
 Statera facta corporis,
 Tulitque prædam tartari.

6 O Crux, ave, spes unica :
 Hoc Passionis tempore,

(Instead of this last line, on the FINDING of the CROSS,
 is said,
 Paschale quæ fers gaudium.

On the EXALTATION of the CROSS, is said,
 In hac triumphi gloria,))

Piis adauge gratiam,
 Reisque dele crimina.

- 7 Te, fons salutis Trinitas,
 Collaudet omnis Spiritus ;
 Quibus crucis victoriam
 Largiris, adde præmium.

The same, in English.

1 BEHOLD the royal ensigns fly,
 Bearing the Cross's mystery ;
 Where life itself did death endure,
 And by that death did life procure.

2 A cruel spear let out a flood
 Of water mix'd with saving blood,
 Which, gushing from the Saviour's side,
 Drown'd our offences in the tide.

- 3 The mystery we now unfold,
Which David's faithful verse foretold,
Of our Lord's kingdom, whilst we see
God ruling nations from a tree.
- 4 O lovely tree, whose branches wore
The royal purple of his gore !
How glorious does thy body shine,
Supporting members so divine !
- 5 The world's blest balance thou art made ;
On thee our ransom Christ is weigh'd ;
Our sins, though great, his pains outweigh,
And rescue hell's expected prey.
- 6 Hail, holy Cross ! Hail, mournful tree !
Our hope with Christ is nail'd on thee ;
Grant to the just increase of grace,
And ev'ry sinner's crimes efface.
- 7 Blest Trinity, we praises sing
To thee, from whom all graces spring ;
Celestial crowns on those bestow,
Who conquer by the Cross below.

Another Translation.

- 1 BEHOLD, O man, behold the glorious wood,
Dy'd with thy great Redeemer's sacred blood ;
Whereon for thee thy God was crucified ;
Whereon for thee he hung, he bled, he died,
- 2 There, of life-giving blood, a saving tide
Flows streaming from my Saviour's wounded side ;
There tender mercy's swelling billows roll ;
There heav'nly grace revives my dying soul.
- 3 O faithful Prophet ! what thy verse foretold,
Unfolded now our wond'ring eyes behold ;

The glorious kingdom of our Lord we see,
And JESUS rules the nations from a tree.

- 4 O beauteous tree ! whose shining branches wore
The royal purple of his precious gore ;
O tree of life, how sweet thy fruits must be !
Since members so divine are stretch'd on thee.
- 5 Thrice happy tree ! whose lofty arms have weigh'd
The mighty Saviour, who our ransom paid ;
By thee, he triumph'd o'er our hellish foes ;
By thee, he put an end to all our woes.
- 6 Hail, glorious Cross ! whom Jesus' sweet embrace
Hath made our hope and source of all our grace ;
Whilst we remember here his dying love,
Bring to us peace and pardon from above.
- 7 Most holy Trinity, our God, our King,
Let all the heav'nly hosts thy praises sing.
O JESUS save our souls, thy dear-earn'd prize,
And lead us through thy Cross to endless joys.

Hymn.

PANGE, LINGUA, &c.

- 1 SING, O my tongue, devoutly sing
The glorious laurels of our King ;
Sing the triumphant victory
Gain'd on the Cross erected high,
Where man's Redeemer yields his breath,
And dying, conquers hell and death.
- 2 With pity our Creator saw
His noblest work transgress his law,
When our first parents rashly ate
The fatal tree's forbidden meat :

He then resolv'd the Cross's wood
Should make that tree's sad damage good.

- 3 By this wise method God design'd
From sin and death to save mankind :
Superior art with love combines,
And arts of Satan countermines ;
And where the traitor gave the wound,
There healing remedies are found.
- 4 When the full time, decreed above,
Was come, to show this work of love ;
Th' eternal Father sends his Son,
The world's Creator, from his throne,
Who, on our earth, (this vale of tears,)
Cloth'd with a virgin's flesh appears.
- 5 Thus God, man made, an infant lies,
And in the manger weeping cries ;
His sacred limbs, by Mary bound,
The poorest tatter'd rags surround :
And God's incarnate feet and hands
Are closely bound with swathing-bands.
- 6 He thirty-three years freely spent
In this our mortal banishment ;
And then his gen'rous love decreed
For the lost sons of men to bleed,
And, on the cross a victim laid,
The Son of God our ransom paid.
- 7 Gall was his drink ; his flesh they tear
With thorns and nails : a cruel spear
Pierces his side, from whence a flood
Streams forth, of water mix'd with blood ;
And in this flood are wash'd again,
The sinful earth, the stars, the main.

- 8 O faithful Cross ! O noblest tree !
 In all our woods there's none like thee :
 No earthly groves, no shady bow'rs,
 Produce such leaves, such fruit, such flow'rs :
 Sweet are the nails, and sweet the wood,
 That bears a weight so sweet, so good.
- 9 Bend, tow'ring tree, thy branches bend,
 Thy native stubbornness suspend ;
 Let not stiff nature use its force ;
 To weaker sap have now recourse ;
 With softer arms receive thy load,
 And gently bear our dying God.
- 10 On thee was slain the Lamb of God ;
 On thee was pour'd his sacred blood :
 Thou art the ark to which we fly
 From raging storms and misery ;
 Thou art the harbour of true bliss,
 Where shipwreck'd men find rest and peace.
- 11 All glory to the sacred Three,
 One undivided Deity ;
 To Father, Holy Ghost, and Son,
 Be equal praise and homage done ;
 Let the whole universe proclaim
 Of One and Three the glorious name.

Psalmus L.

MISERERE mei, Deus,* secundum magnum misericordiam tuam.

Et secundum multitudinem miserationum tuarum,* dele iniquitatem meam.

Psalm 50.

HAVE mercy on me O God,* according to thy great mercy.

And according to the multitude of thy tender mercies,* blot out my iniquity.

Amplius lava me ab iniquitate mea, * et a peccato meo munda me ;

Quoniam iniquitatem meam ego cognosco, * et peccatum meum contra me est semper.

Tibi soli peccavi, et malum coram te feci ; * ut justificeris in sermonibus tuis, et vincas cum judicaris.

Ecce enim in iniquitatibus conceptus sum,* et in peccatis concepit me mater mea.

Ecce enim veritatem dilexisti ;* incerta et occulta sapientiae tuae manifestasti mihi.

Asperges me hyssopo et mundabor ; * lavabis me, et super nivem dealbabor.

Auditui meo dabis gaudium et laetitiam ;* et exultabunt ossa humiliata.

Averte faciem tuam a peccatis meis, * et omnes iniquitates meas dele.

Wash me yet more from my iniquity, * and cleanse me from my sin ;

Because I know my iniquity, * and my sin is always before me.

To thee only have I sinned, and have done evil before thee ; * that thou mayest be justified in thy words, and mayest overcome when thou art judged.

For behold, I was conceived in iniquities, * and in sins did my mother conceive me.

For behold, thou hast loved truth ;* the uncertain and hidden things of thy wisdom thou hast made manifest to me.

Thou shalt sprinkle me with hyssop, and I shall be cleansed ;* thou shalt wash me, and I shall be made whiter than snow.

To my hearing thou shalt give joy and gladness ;* and the bones that have been humbled shall rejoice.

Turn away thy face from my sins,* and blot out my iniquities.

Cor mundum crea in
me, Deus ; * et spiritum
rectum innova in visceribus
meis.

Ne projicias me a facie
tua ; * et Spiritum Sanctum
tuum ne auferas a me.

Redde mihi lætitiam sa-
lutaris tui ; * et spiritu
principali confirma me,

Docebo iniquos vias tu-
as ; * et impii ad te con-
vertentur.

Libera me de sanguini-
bus, Deus, Deus salutis
meæ ; * et exultabit lingua
mea justitiam tuam.

Domine, labia mea ape-
ries ; * et os meum annun-
tiabit laudem tuam

Quoniam si voluisses,
sacrificium dedissem uti-
que ; * holocaustis non de-
lectaberis.

Sacrificium Deo spiritus
contribulatus ; * cor con-
tritum et humiliatum, De-
us, non despicies.

Benigne fac, Domine,
in bona voluntate tua Sion, *
ut ædificantur muri Jeru-
salem.

Create a clean heart in
me, O God,* and renew a
right spirit within my bow-
els.

Cast me not away from
thy face,* and take not thy
Holy Spirit from me.

Restore unto me the joy
of thy salvation, * and
strengthen me with a per-
fect spirit.

I will teach the unjust
thy ways ; * and the wick-
ed shall be converted to
thee.

Deliver me from blood,
O God, thou God of my
salvation,* and my tongue
shall extol thy justice.

O Lord, thou wilt open
my lips,* and my mouth
shall declare thy praise.

For if thou hadst desired
sacrifice, I would indeed
have given it ; * with burnt
offerings thou wilt not be
delighted.

A sacrifice to God is an
afflicted spirit ; * a contrite
and humble heart, O God,
thou wilt not despise.

Deal favourably, O
Lord, in thy goodness,
with Sion,* that the walls
of Jerusalem may be built
up.

Tunc acceptabis sacrificium justitiae, oblationes et holocausta ;* tunc impo-
nent super altare tuum vi-
tulos.

Then shalt thou accept
the sacrifice of justice, ob-
lations, and whole burnt-
offerings ;* then shall they
lay calves upon thy altars.

Easter.

HYMN.

Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia.

1 **O** FILII et Filiæ,
Rex cœlestis, Rex gloriæ,
Morte surrexit hodie, Alleluia ;
Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia.

2 Et mane prima sabbati,
Ad ostium Monumenti,
Accesserunt Discipuli. Alleluia, &c.

3 Et Maria Magdalene,
Et Jacobi & Salome,
Venerunt Corpus ungere. Alleluia, &c.

4 In albis sedens Angelus
Prædixit Mulieribus :
In Galilæa est Dominus. Alleluia, &c.

5 Et Joannes apostolus,
Cucurrit Petro citius,
Monumento venit prius. Alleluia, &c.

6 Discipulis astantibus,
In medio stetit Christus,
Dicens, Pax vobis omnibus. Alleluia, &c.

7 Ut intellexit Didymus,
Quia surrexerat Jesus,
Remansit ferè dubius. Alleluia, &c.

- 8 Vide, Thoma, vide Latus,
Vide Pedes, vide Manus ;
Noli esse incredulus. Alleluia, &c.
- 9 Quando Thomas vidit Christum,
Pedes, manus, latus suum,
Dixit, Tu es Deus meus. Alleluia, &c.
- 10 Beati qui non viderunt,
Et firmiter crediderunt,
Vitam æternam habebunt. Alleluia, &c.
- 11 In hoc Festo sanctissimo.
Sit Laus & Jubilatio,
Benedicamus Domino. Alleluia, &c.
- 12 Ex quibus nos humillimas,
Devotas atque debitas,
Deo dicamus gratias. Alleluia,
Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia.

The same in English.

Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia.

1 YOUNG men and maids rejoice and sing ;
The King of heaven, the glorious King,
This day from death rose triumphing. *Alleluia.*

(Repeat Alleluia three times, and so after every stanza.)

- 2 On Sunday morn, by break of day,
His dear disciples haste away
Unto the tomb wherein he lay. *Alleluia.*
- 3 And Magdalen, in company
With Mary of James, and Salome,
T' embalm the corpse, came zealously. *Alleluia.*

- 4 An angel cloth'd in white they see,
When thither come ; and thus spoke he,
The Lord you'll meet in Galilee. *Alleluia.*
- 5 The dear belov'd apostle John
Much swifter than Saint Peter run,
And first arrived at the tomb. *Alleluia.*
- 6 While in a room th' apostles were,
Our Lord among them did appear,
And said, Peace be unto all here. *Alleluia.*
- 7 To Didymus, when all declar'd,
That Christ had ris'n, and had appear'd,
He doubted still the truth he hear'd. *Alleluia.*
- 8 O Thomas, view my hands, my side,
My feet ; my wounds still fresh abide ;
Set incredulity aside. *Alleluia.*
- 9 When Thomas his dear Saviour saw,
And touch'd his wounds with trembling awe,
Thou art my God, said he, I know. *Alleluia.*
- 10 Blessed are they who have not seen,
And yet who firm in faith have been ;
With me they shall forever reign. *Alleluia.*
- 11 In this most solemn feast, let's raise
Our hearts to God in hymns of praise,
And let us bless the Lord always. *Alleluia.*
- 12 Our grateful thanks to God let's give,
In humble manner, while we live,
For all the favours we receive. *Alleluia.*
Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia.

Another Hymn.

THE HAPPY FRUITS OF CHRIST'S RESURRECTION.

- 1 **T**O day he's risen, death no more
Can bind him to the grave ;
No more can hell, or sin's fell pow'r
O'er him dominion have.
He, iiken'd to our sinful form,
Once doom'd himself to die,
That he, by death, might death o'ercome,
Its deadly sting destroy.
Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia.—Amen.
- 2 **O** death ! where's now thy mortal sting ?
Where's now thy victory ?
To day his glorious praise we sing,
Who triumph'd over thee.
Nor triumph'd for himself alone ;
But, by his mighty pow'r,
Taught us to triumph in our turn,
Nor dread thy terrors more.
- 3 **F**or lo ! the dread of death is sin,
And never ending woe ;
From thence it is our terrors spring,
From thence our evils flow.
But now from sin and hell set free,
No longer death we'll fear ;
But longing for eternity,
Rejoice when it draws near. Alleluia, &c.
- 4 **I** know that my Redeemer lives,
And reigns above the skies ;
He will revive my dust again,
And bid my body rise.
Then cloth'd in my own glorious flesh,
I shall behold his face !

'That sweet hope in my bosom glows,
And cheers my ling'ring days.

- 5 Ye angels now who watch around,
The Conqueror's heav'nly throne ;
Aid us to make the skies resound,
The victory for us won.
Aid us to sing his worthy praise,
With one united heart ;
Aid us to walk in all his ways,
'Till we from life depart.

Another Hymn.

A SONG OF PRAISE TO CHRIST RISEN FROM THE DEAD.

- 1 **S**ION rejoice !—let joyful songs.
Replace thy doleful lays ;
Ye angels lend your heav'nly tongues,
To sing our Saviour's praise.
Lo ! from the grave, in bright array,
Comes forth our glorious king ;
O death, where is thy victory ?
O death, where is thy sting ?
- 2 Now death has lost his cruel sway,
Since our Emmanuel rose ;
He took the Tyrant's sting away,
And spoil'd our hellish foes.
Hosanna to the Prince of light,
Who cloth'd himself in clay,
Enter'd the frightful gates of night,
And tore the bars away.
- 3 Great Lord, to thine almighty name,
These sacred hours we pay ;
Loud Alleluias shall proclaim,
The triumph of the day.

Raise then your voices, mortal tongues,
 To reach his bless'd abode ;
 Sweet be the accents of your songs,
 To our triumphing God.

- 4 Bright angels strike your loudest strings,
 Your sweetest voices raise ;
 Let heaven, and all created things
 Sound our Emmanuel's praise.
 Salvation and immortal fame,
 To our victorious king.
 O ! let the whole creation's frame,
 With Alleluias ring.

For Easter Time.

HYMN.

Ad regias Agni dapes, &c.

- 1 **T**HE Red Sea's dangers now are past ;
 Clad in white robes, come, let us taste
 The Lamb's most royal feast, and sing
 A hymn of praise to Christ our King.
- 2 The victim in this mystic feast
 Is Christ himself ; his love, the priest ;
 Love tore his flesh, love spilt his blood ;
 Love gives us both to be our food.
- 3 The posts, thus mark'd with sacred gore,
 The wasting angel passes o'er ;
 The yielding sea divides its waves ;
 Egyptians float in liquid graves.
- 4 Our paschal feast and sacrifice,
 Is Christ the Lamb, who for us dies ;
 Christ is the pure unleaven'd bread,
 By which the purest minds are fed,

- 5 O true celestial sacrifice !
 By thee, hell's power vanquish'd lies ;
 Relentless death unlocks his chaivis,
 And life eternal, man regains !
- 6 The tyrant prince of hellish might
 Thus conquer'd, and th' infernal fight
 Thus won, victorious Christ displays
 His trophies, and to heav'n conveys.
- 7 That we forever may possess
 This joyful paschal happiness,
 From death of sin, O Jesus free
 Those that are born again of thee.
- 8 To God the Father, and the Son
 Who rose from death, be homage done ;
 This praise forever let's repeat
 To God the Holy Paraclete.

Ascension.

HYMN.

Christ's Ascension and Triumph.

- 1 OUR Lord is risen from the dead ;
 Our Jesus is gone up on high ;
 The pow'rs of hell are captive led,
 Dragg'd to the portals of the sky.
- 2 There his triumphal chariot waits,
 And angels chaunt the solemn lay ;
 Lift up your heads ye heav'nly gates,
 Ye everlasting doors give way.
- 3 Loose your bars of massy light,
 And wide unfold th' ethereal scene ;

He claims these mansions as his right ;
Receive the king of glory in

- 4 Who is the king of glory ?—who ?—
The Lord that all his foes o'ercame ;
The world, sin, death and hell o'erthrew,
And Jesus is the conqueror's name.

5 Lo ! his triumphal chariot waits, &c.

6 Loose your bars of massy light, &c.

- 7 Who is the king of glory ?—who ?—
The Lord of glorious pow'r possess'd ;
The king of saints, and angels too ;
God over all, forever blest.

Hymn at Vespers.

SALUTIS HUMANÆ SATOR, &c.

- 1 JESUS, the Saviour of mankind,
Delight of ev'ry pious mind ;
Restorer of man's fallen race,
And purest source of light and grace !
- 2 O boundless love ! O matchless grace !
Thou, guiltless, tak'st the guilty's place ;
And, to make wretched sinners live,
Thou, spotless Lamb ! thy life would'st give.
- 3 Th' infernal gates are forc'd by thee,
Hell's captives from their chains set free ;
And thou, with this triumphant train,
Ascend'st on God's right hand to reign.
- 4 Let now kind mercy plead our cause ;
Heal thou our wounds, repair our loss ;

And call us to enjoy thy sight,
In realms of everlasting light.

- 5 O JESUS, whilst on earth we stay,
Guide thou our footsteps in thy way ;
And soothe our sorrows with thy love,
Until we reign with thee above.
- 6 To Jesus, who ascends the sky,
Be glory for eternity.
To God the Father let's repeat
The same, and to the Paraclete.

Hymn.

CHRIST'S ASCENSION AND GLORY.

- 1 COME, all devout harmonious tongues,
Your noblest music bring ;
'Tis Christ, the everlasting God,
And Christ, the man, we sing.
- 2 He, from the Father's bosom sprung,
Came down to save our race ;
He now returns, in triumph borne,
Back to his native place.
- 3 See how the Conqueror mounts aloft,
And to his Father flies ;
With scars of honour in his flesh,
And triumph in his eyes.
- 4 There our exalted Saviour reigns,
And scatters blessings down ;
With him th' Almighty Father shares
The glory of his throne.
- 5 Lift up your eyes, ye sons of light,
Up to the throne of grace ;

See what immortal beauties shine,
Around your Saviour's face.

- 6 Come let us join our cheerful songs,
With angels round the throne :
Ten thousand, thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.
- 7 Worthy the Lamb, that once was slain,
And for us sinners dy'd ;
Worthy to rise, and live, and reign,
On God the Father's side.
- 8 O Father ! look on thy dear Son,
Behold those scars of love ;
They call for mercy ; let those wounds
Thy heart to pity move.
- 9 Live, glorious Lord ! and reign on high ;
Let ev'ry nation sing,
And angels praise with endless joy,
Our Saviour and our King.

Whitsunday, or Pentecost.

HYMN.

Beata nobis gaudia, &c.

- 1 **T**HE fleeting year pursues its way,
And now brings back the joyful day
Whereon the Holy Ghost possess'd,
And reign'd in each apostle's breast.
- 2 The sudden flames, like tongues of fire,
Their hearts and speech at once inspire ;
To kindle love, and to dispense
The gift of heav'nly eloquence.

- 3 They, fill'd with God, in transports bless,
With various tongues and languages,
The God that taught those wond'rous ways,
To preach his words and speak his praise.
- 4 They speak, and mingling nations throng,
Amaz'd to hear their native tongue ;
Whilst some revile the gift divine,
And call it an excess of wine.
- 5 But Peter checks their impious spite,
And brings the sacred truth to light,
A truth, which, though from them conceal'd,
The prophets taught, and God reveal'd.
- 6 Now, gracious God, with bended knee,
Thy Spirit's gift we ask of thee ;
Make all the seven-fold fountains flow,
And shed their grace on us below.
- 7 Long since thy grace thou didst impart,
To reign in each disciple's heart ;
With the same grace our crimes release,
And grant us everlasting peace.
- 8 Most gracious may the Father reign,
And so the Son who rose again ;
Together with the Paraclete,
Through years and ages infinite.

Hymn at Vespers.

1 VENI, Creator Spiritus,
Mentes tuorum visita,
Imple superna gratia,
Quæ tu creasti, pectora.

2 Qui diceris Paracletus ;
Altissimi Donum Dei,

1 Fons vivus, ignis, charitas,
Et spiritalis unctio.

3 Tu septiformis munere,
Digitus Paternæ dexteræ
Tu rite promissum Patris,
Sermone ditans guttura.

4 Accende lumen sensib;
Infunde amorem cordibus:
Infirma nostri corporis
Virtute firmans perpeti.

5 Hostem repellas longius,
Pacemque dones protinus:
Ductore sic te prævio
Vitemus omne noxium.

6 Per te sciamus da Patrem
Noscamus atque Filium;
Teque utriusque spiritum
Credamus omni tempore.

7 Deo Patri sit gloria
Et Filio, qui a mortuis
Surrexit, ac Paracleto
In sæculorum sæcula.

The same, in English.

1 **S**Pirit, Creator of mankind,
Come, visit ev'ry pious mind,
And sweetly let thy grace invade
Our hearts, O Lord, which thou hast made,

2 Thou art the Comforter, whom all,
Gift of the highest God, must call;

- The living fountain, fire and love ;
 The ghostly unction from above ;
- 3 God's sacred finger, which imparts
 A sev'n-fold grace to faithful hearts ;
 Thou art the Father's promise, whence
 We language have, and eloquence.
- 4 Enlighten, Lord, our souls, and grant
 That we thy love may never want ;
 Let not our virtue ever fail,
 But strengthen what in flesh is frail.
- 5 Chase from our minds th' infernal foe,
 And peace, the fruit of love, bestow ;
 And lest our feet should step astray,
 Protect and guide us in the way.
- 6 Make us eternal truths receive,
 And practise all that we believe :
 Give us thyself, that we may see
 The Father and the Son in thee.
- 7 Immortal honour, endless fame,
 Attend th' Almighty Father's name :
 To the Son equal praises be,
 And, holy Paraclete, to thee.

Another Hymn.

- 1 **S**EE the Paraclete descending,
 Burning with celestial fire ;
 Grace and truth on him attending,
 Men with heav'nly love inspire.
 Let us Alleluias singing
 Offer him our grateful lays ;
 He all heav'nly graces bringing,
 Merits everlasting praise.—Alleluia, Amen.

- 2** Men in ev'ry danger fearing,
Now the greatest dangers scorn ;
Midst of torments persevering,
Shew themselves in Christ new-born.
Let us Alleluias, &c.—Alleluia, Amen.
- 3** Fishermen by thee instructed,
Jesus to the world proclaim ;
Infants by thy grace conducted,
Rather die than slight his name.
Let us Alleluias, &c.—Alleluia, Amen.
- 4** Idol's fall, the Devil ceasing
O'er the world to be ador'd ;
Faith and love by thee increasing,
All confess thee sovereign Lord.
Let us Alleluias, &c.—Alleluia, Amen.
- 5** Source of love, our hearts inflaming
With true zeal and virtue pure ;
Grant we may, in heaven reigning,
Sing thy praise for evermore.
Let us Alleluias, &c.—Alleluia, Amen.

Another Hymn.

THE OPERATIONS OF THE HOLY SPIRIT.

- 1** ETERNAL Spirit we confess,
And sing the wonders of thy grace ;
Thy pow'r conveys our blessings down
From God the Father and the Son.
- 2** Enlighten'd by thy heav'nly ray,
Our shades and darkness turn to day ;
Thine inward teachings make us know,
Our danger and our refuge too.
- 3** Thy quick'ning powers work within
And break the chains of reigning sin ;

They our imperious lusts subdue,
And form our wretched hearts anew.

- 4 The troubled conscience knows thy voice,
Thy cheering words awake our joys ;
Thy words allay the stormy wind,
And calm the surges of the mind.
- 5 Come, holy spirit, heav'ly dove ;
Kindle a sacred flame of love
In this my cold and sinful heart,
Nor e'er let hence thy grace depart.

Trinity Sunday.

A HYMN AT VESPERS.

Jam sol recedit, &c.

- 1 **T**HE fiery sun now rolls away ;
Blest Three and One, eternal day,
Thy beams of light and love impart
To ev'ry cold benighted heart.
- 2 In morning and in evening verse,
Thy glorious praises we rehearse :
May we, O God, the same express
Amidst thy saints in happiness.
- 3 To God the Father, and the Son,
And Holy Spirit, three in one,
Be endless glory, as before
The world began, so evermore,

Another Hymn.

A SONG OF PRAISE TO THE BLESSED TRINITY.

- 1 **L**ET's give immortal praise
To God the Father's love ;

For all our comforts here,
And better hopes above.

He sent his own
Eternal Son,
To die for sins,
That man had done.

2 To God the Son, belongs
Immortal glory too ;
Who sav'd us with his blood
From everlasting woe :
Now JESUS lives,
And glorious reigns,
And reaps the fruit
Of all his pains.

3 To God the spirit's name,
Immortal worship give,
Whose new-creating pow'r
Makes the dead sinner live.
His work completes
The great design,
And fills the soul
With joy divine.

4 Almighty God, to thee
Be endless honours done ;
The consubstantial THREE,
And undivided ONE.
Where reason fails
With all her pow'rs ;
There faith prevails,
And love adores.

Hymn.

THE POWER AND MAJESTY OF GOD.

- 1 **B**EFORE Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations bow with sacred joy ;
Know that the Lord is God alone,
He can create and he destroy.
- 2 His sov'reign pow'r, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and form'd us men ;
And when like wand'ring sheep we stray'd,
He brought us to his fold again.
- 3 We'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs,
High as the heav'ns our voices raise ;
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill thy court with sounding praise.
- 4 Wide as the world is thy command ;
Vast as eternity thy love :
Firm as a rock thy truth must stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

Corpus Christi.

HYMN.

Lauda Sion, &c.

- 1 **B**RACK forth, O Sion ; thy sweet Saviour sing,
Thy heav'nly Guide, thy Pastor, and thy King ;
Exalt his name, and loudly sound his praise,
In tuneful organs, and in vocal lays.
- 2 Attempt the arduous theme, ascend as high
As soaring thought or wings of faith can fly ;
The wonder then above all praise confess,
Immensely greater than thou canst express,

- 3 Behold ! the living and life-giving bread,
 With solemn pomp on holy altars spread,
 Now fills our song, a subject all divine,
 In which the wonders of th' Almighty shine :
- 4 The bread of life, which ev'ry faithful breast
 Believes was broken at the royal feast,
 When to the sacred college it was given,
 Alike to Judas and the dear Eleven.
- 5 With heart inflam'd, now raise thy tuneful voice
 In nobler strains, and let thy soul rejoice ;
 Let ev'ry thing within thee jointly move,
 To bless the sweet invention of his love.
- 6 Let age to age record the solemn day,
 And constant homage for the bounty pay ;
 When he first gave himself, in humble guise,
 At once both Sacrament and Sacrifice.
- 7 Figures and types take wing and fly away,
 As darkness does at the approach of day :
 New heav'ly lights new mysteries unfold,
 And the new Pascha terminates the old.
- 8 What Christ then did, we celebrate the same,
 In his own words, and in his sacred name ;
 As he commanded, the dread mystery
 Should be repeated to his memory.
- 9 And thus, by him who spoke and all was made,
 Divinely taught, we consecrate the bread
 And wine into the soul's all-saving food,
 His glorious body and atoning blood.
- 10 This sacred dogma we from him receive,
 (Nor can the oracle of truth deceive)
 That bread is changed (hence an outward sign)
 Into his flesh, and into blood the wine,

- 11 What reason reaches not, nor sense descries,
 Faith's purer light abundantly supplies :
 Above all nature we confess his sway,
 Bow down our heads ; 'tis fit we should obey.
- 12 The narrow compass of two forms, mere signs,
 Not real things, th' *Incarnate Word* defines,
 Th' exhaustless source, and sweetest overflow
 Of all good things that heaven can bestow.
- 13 His deify'd true flesh and precious blood,
 Immortal and immortalizing food,
 Is meat and drink indeed, and wholly thine,
 Under the sep'rate forms of bread and wine.
- 14 Impassible's the Victim we adore,
 Unaltered by touch ; nor broke nor tore ;
 But Jesus whole, in veiled majesty,
 Each one receives ; stupendous prodigy !
- 15 Let thousands feed ;—be thou the only guest,
 As much thou dost receive as all the rest ;
 Unnumber'd thousands eat, yet still they leave
 The unconsumed whole they did receive.
- 16 Both good and bad to this blest banquet come ;
 But how unlike how different their doom !
 For 'tis as we approach, as foes or friends,
 Th' alternative of life or death depends.
- 17 The heav'nly bread, that sweet enliv'ning food,
 Is to th' unworthy, death ;—life to the good :
 Then ponder well the different event
 Of like receiving this dread Sacrament.
- 18 Whenever this blest Sacrament shall lie
 In diff'rent parcels, broke before your eye,
 Then waver not ; remember there remains
 Under each fragment, what the whole contains,
 The same sweet Jesus, who in glory reigns. }

- 19 Lo ! then, O man ! involv'd in rapture, see
 The bread of angels thus made food for thee ;
 Food to refresh the pilgrim on his way
 To the blest regions of eternal day ;
 A sweet viatic ; a divine repast ;
 True children's bread, to dogs not to be cast.
- 20 Wrapt up in types, the Lamb long figur'd lay,
 'Till circling years the shadows drove away.
 In Isaac 'twas in living figure slain,
 And in the Paschal Lamb it bled again ;
 The ancient fathers too, in manna ate,
 In type, or figure, this life-giving meat.
- 21 Good Pastor, then, true Bread, sweet Jesus, show
 Thy tend'rest mercies to thy sheep below ;
 Feed and defend us here, that we may see
 Good things, with those who live and reign with thee
 In heav'nly regions, ever there to spend,
 In joys celestial, years that never end.
- 22 O thou all-good, all-potent, and all-wise !
 Who feed'st us here with thine own sacrifice,
 Make us sit down with thee amongst the bless'd,
 At thine own table, in eternal rest ;
 Where we with them, thy glory may adore,
 Companions and co-heirs, for evermore.

Hymn at Vespers.

1 **P**ANGE lingua gloriosi
 Corporis mysterium,
 Sanguinisque pretiosi,
 Quem in mundi pretium
 Fructus ventris generosi,
 Rex effudit Gentium.

2 Nobis datus, nobis natus
 Ex intacta Virgine,
 Et in mundo conversatus,
 Sparso verbi semine,
 Sui moras incolatus
 Miro clausit ordine.

3 In supremæ nocte cœnæ
 Recumbens cuim fratribus,
 Observata lege plene
 Cibis in legalibus,
 Cibum turbæ duodenæ
 Se dat suis manibus.

4 Verbum caro, panem verum
 Verbo carnem efficit :
 Fitque sanguis Christi merum,
 Et si sensus deficit,
 Ad firmandum cor sincerum
 Sola fides sufficit.

5 Tantum ergo Sacramentum
 Veneremur cernui ;
 Et antiquum documentum
 Novo cedat ritui ;
 Præstet fides supplementum
 Sensuum defectui.

6 Genitori, Genitoque
 Laus et jubilatio,
 Salus, honor, virtus quoque
 Sit et benedictio ;
 Procedenti ab utroque
 Compar sit laudatio. Amen.

The same in English.

1 SING, O my tongue, adore and praise
 The depth of God's mysterious ways ;

How Christ, the world's great King, bestow'd
 His flesh, conceal'd in human food,
 And left mankind the blood that paid
 The ransom for the souls he made.

- 2 Giv'n from above, and born for man,
 From Virgin's womb his life began ;
 He liv'd on earth, and preach'd, to sow
 The seeds of heav'nly truth below ;
 Then seal'd his mission from above
 With strange effects of pow'r and love.
- 3 'Twas on that ev'ning, when the last
 And most mysterious supper past ;
 When Christ with his disciples sat,
 To close the law with legal meat ;
 Then to the Twelve himself bestow'd,
 With his own hands, to be their food.
- 4 The Word, made flesh for love of man,
 His word turns bread to flesh again,
 And wine to blood, unseen by sense,
 By virtue of Omnipotence ;
 And here the faithful rest secure,
 Whilst God can vouch, and faith insure.
- 5 To this mysterious table now,
 Our knees, our hearts and sense we bow ;
 Let ancient rites resign their place
 To nobler elements of grace,
 And faith for all defects supply,
 Whilst sense is lost in mystery.
- 6 To God the Father, born of none,
 To Christ, his co-eternal Son,
 And Holy Ghost, whose equal rays
 From both proceed, one equal praise,
 One honour, jubilee, and fame,
 Forever bless his glorious name.

Other HYMNS, which as well as the preceding ones, may be sung at the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.

Hymn.

- 1 **P**ANIS angelicus fit panis hominum,
Dat panis cœlicus figuris terminum.
O res mirabilis ! manducat Dominum
Pauper, servus et humilis.

- 2 Te, Trina Deitas Unaque, poscimus,
Sic nos tu visita, sicut te colimus ;
Per tuas semitas duc nos quo tendimus,
Ad lucem quam inhabitas.

The same in English.

- 1 **T**HE bread of angels, bread of men is made ;
The truth and substance now excludes the shade.
O strange effect of love ! the sov'reign God
Becomes the poor's, the slave's, the sinner's food !
- 2 O Three and One, we humbly thee implore
To manifest thyself, as we adore ;
By thy own ways instruct us how to move,
To find th' abyss of light in which thou dwell'st
above.

Another Hymn.

- 1 **A**VE verum corpus natum
De Maria virgine,
Verè passum, immolatum,
In crucē pro homine.

- 2 Cujus latus perforatum
Undā fluxit et sanguine,
Esto nobis prægustatum,
Mortis in examine.

3 O Jesu dulcis !
 O Jesu pie !
 O Jesu fili Mariæ
 Tu nobis miserere.

The same, in English.

- 1 **H**AIL ! real body of our Lord,
 From spotless Virgin born ;
 Hail ! Victim, stretch'd upon the cross,
 And for us bruis'd and torn.
- 2 Thy side with cruel spear transpierc'd,
 Let out a saving flood,
 (To wash our sinful stains away,)
 Of water mix'd with blood.
- 3 O heav'ly manna ! be our food,
 Whilst in this life we stay ;
 And when death comes, prepare our souls
 To meet the judgment day.
- 4 O gracious Jesus ! bounteous Lord !
 O Mary's clement Son !
 Let sinners grace and pardon find.
 Before thy mercy's throne.

Hymn.

- 1 **O** SALUTARIS hostia !
 Quæ cœli pandis ostium ;
 Bella premunt hostilia,
 Da robur fer auxilium.
- 2 Vni trinoque Domino,
 Sit sempiterna gloria ;

Qui vitam sine termino
Nobis donet in patria.

The same in English.

1 O SAVING victim, pledge of love !
Who open'st heaven's gates above ;
By hostile wars we are oppress'd,
Be thou our force, support and rest.

2 To God the Father, and the Son,
And Holy Spirit, three in one ;
Be endless praise, may he above
With life immortal, crown our love.

Another.

1 O SAVING host ! O heav'nly bread !
That mak'st our souls forever live ;
Against the cruel foes we dread,
Thy heav'nly aid unto us give.

2 O thou, who feed'st us with thy blood,
Good Shepherd, praise be to thy name !
Whilst mortals taste th' immortal food,
Let heav'nly choirs thy love proclaim.

The Assumption,

AND OTHER FESTIVALS OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

A VE, Maria, gratia plena ! Dominus tecum ; benedicta tu in mulieribus et benedictus fructus ventris tui, Jesus.

Sancta Maria, Mater Dei, ora pro nobis peccatoribus nunc et in hora mortis nostre. Amen.

Hymn.

- 1 **H**AIL Mary ! Queen and Virgin pure,
With ev'ry grace replete !
Hail, kind protectress of the poor !
Pity our needy state.
- 2 O thou who fill'st the highest place,
Next heav'n's imperial throne !
Obtain for us each saving grace,
And make our wants thy own.
- 3 How oft, when trouble fill'd my breast,
Or sin my conscience pain'd ;
Through thee I sought for peace and rest,
Through thee I peace obtain'd.
- 4 Then hence, in all my pa...s and cares,
I'll seek for help in thee ;
E'er trusting, thro' thy powerful prayers,
To gain eternity.

Hymn at Vespers.

1 **A**VE maris stella,
Dei mater alma,
Atque semper Virgo,
Felix cœli porta.

2 Sumens illud Ave,
Gabrielis ore,
Funda nos in pace,
Mutans Èvæ nomen.

3 Solve vincla reis
Profer lumen cœcis,
Mala nostria pelle,
Bona cuncta posce.

4 Monstra te esse Matrem,
 Sumat per te preces,
 Qui pro nobis natus,
 Tulit esse tuus.

5 Virgo singularis,
 Inter omnes mitis,
 Nos culpis solutos,
 Mites fac et castos.

6 Vitam præsta puram,
 Iter para tutum,
 Ut videntes Jesum,
 Semper collætemur.

7 Sit laus Deo Patri,
 Summo Christo Decus,
 Spiritui Sancto,
 Tribus honor unus.

The same in English.

1 **B**RIGHT Mother of our Maker, hail !
 'Thou virgin ever blest ;
 The ocean's star, by which we sail,
 And gain the port of rest.

2 Whilst we this *Ave* thus to thee,
 From Gabriel's mouth rehearse ;
 Prevail that peace our lot may be,
 And *Eva's* name reverse.

3 Release our long entangled mind,
 From all the snares of ill ;
 With heav'nly light instruct the blind,
 And all our vows fulfill.

4 Exert for us a mother's care,
 And us thy children own ;

Prevail with Him to hear our pray'r,
Who chose to be thy Son.

5 O spotless maid ! whose virtues shine,
With brightest purity ;
Each action of our life refine,
And make us pure like thee.

6 Preserve our lives unstain'd from ill ;
And guard us in our way ;
That Christ one day our souls may fill
With joys that ne'er decay.

7 To God the Father, endless praise ;
To God the Son, the same ;
And, Holy Ghost, whose equal rays
One equal glory claim.

Another Hymn.

QUEM TERRA, &c.

1 **T**HE Sov'reign God whose hands sustain
The heav'nly orbs, the earth, the main ;
Whose generation none can tell,
In thee, O Mary ! chose to dwell.

2 He, whom the sun and moon obey,
To whom all creatures homage pay,
The mighty Ruler of the skies,
In thee conceal'd, an infant lies.

3 Thrice happy Maid ! whom Heaven's choice
Has made the source of all our joys ;
Since he, by whom we move and live,
From thee would life and food receive,

- 4 An angel brings the happy news ;
 The Holy Ghost, thy heav'ly spouse,
 Covers thee with his fruitful shade,
 And Christ's blest Mother thou art made.
- 5 O Mary, full of grace divine !
 Thy glories now the stars outshine ;
 Lo ! thy Creator and thy God
 Draws from thy breast his life and food.
- 6 O gracious Mother of mankind,
 What Eve had lost, in thee we find ;
 The way to heav'n is now by thee
 To mourning sinners open'd free.
- 7 Thou art the gate of heav'ly light,
 Through which the conqu'ring Prince of might
 Comes, captive mankind to redeem ;
 Ye, Nations ! sound the glorious theme.
- 8 May age to age forever sing
 The Virgin's Son and angels King ;
 And praise with the celestial host,
 The Father Son and Holy Ghost !

Anthems to the Blessed Virgin.

TO BE SUNG AFTER VESPERS.

From ADVENT to CANDLEMAS.

- 1 ALMA Redemptoris Mater, quæ pervia cœli
 Porta manes, et stella maris, succurre cadenti
 Surgere qui curat populo ; tu quæ genuisti,
 Natura mirante, tuum sanctum genitorem,
 Virgo pius ac posterius, Gabrielis ab ore –
 Sumens illud ave, peccatorum misericordia.

The same in English.

1 **M**OTHER of Jesus, heaven's open gate,
Star of the sea ! support the falling state
Of mortals ; thou whose womb thy Maker bore,
And yet, strange thing ! a Virgin as before ;
Who didst from Gabriel's mouth this news receive ;
Repenting sinners by thy pray'rs relieve.

After Candlemas 'till the Holy Week.

1 **A**VE, Regina cœlorum,
Ave, Domina Angelorum,
Salve, radix, Salve, porta
Ex qua mundo lux est orta ;
Gaude, Virga gloriosa,
Super omnes speciosa.
Vale, O valde decora !
Et pro nobis Christum exora.

The same in English.

1 **H**AIL Mary ! Queen of heav'nly spheres !
Hail ! whom th' angelic host reveres !
Hail fruitful root ! hail, gate divine,
Whence light arose, on earth to shine !
O glorious Maid, with beauty blest,
May joys eternal fill thy breast !
Thus crown'd with beauty and with joy,
Thy pray'rs with Christ for us employ.

In Easter Time.

1 **R**EGINA cœli, lætare, Alleluia,
Quia quem meruisti portare, Alleluia,
Resurrexit, sicut dixit. Alleluia.
Ora pro nobis Deum, Alleluia,

The same in English.

1 **O** happy Queen of heav'n, rejoice ! Alleluia.
The Son thou bor'st, by heaven's choice ; Alleluia.
From death is ris'n, as he did say, Alleluia.
To God, for us thy children, pray, Alleluia.

Sundays after Pentecost.

SALVE, Regina, mater misericordiæ ; vita, dulcedo et spes nostra, salve. Ad te clamamus exulus filii Evæ : ad te suspiramus, gementes et flentes in hac lacrymarum valle. Eia ergo, advocata nostra ! illos tuos misericordes oculos ad nos converte ; et Jesum benedictum fructum ventris tui nobis post hoc exilium ostende. O clemens, O pia, O dulcis Virgo Maria.

The same in English.

- 1 **H**AIL to the Queen who reigns above,
Mother of clemency and love !
Hail, thou our hope, life, sweetness ! we,
Eye's banish'd children, cry to thee.
- 2 We, from this wretched vale of tears,
Send sighs and groans unto thine ears ;
O then, sweet Advocate, bestow
A pitying look on us below !
- 3 After this exile let us see
Our blessed Jesus, born of thee,
O merciful, O pious Maid,
O gracious Mary, lend thy aid.

Another Translation.

HAIL, happy Queen ! thou mercy's Parent, hail !
Life, hope and comfort of this earthly vale :

To thee, Eve's wretched children raise their cry,
 In sighs and tears to thee, we suppliants fly.
 Rise, glorious Advocate, exert thy love ;
 And let our vows those eyes of pity move.
 O sweet, O pious Maid ! for us obtain,
 For us, who long have in our exile lain,
 To see thine infant Jesus, and with him to reign. }

Anthem.

Solo. SUB tuum præsidium confugimus, Sancta Dei
 genitrix.

Chor. Sub tuum, &c.

Solo. Nostras deprecations ne despicias in necessita-
 tibus nostris.

Chor. Sub tuum, &c.

Solo. Sed a periculis cunctis libera nos semper, virgo
 gloriosa et benedicta.

Chor. Sub tuum, &c.

The same, in English.

O HOLY Mother of our God !

To thee for help we fly :

Despise not this our humble pray'r,
 But all our wants supply.

O glorious Virgin, ever blest !

Defend us from our foes ;

From threat'ning dangers set us free,
 And terminate our woes,

For the Feast of our Lord's Transfiguration.

HYMN AT VESPERS.

Quicumque Christum quæritis, &c.

- 1 O ALL who seek with Christ to rise,
Lift up to Thabor's mount your eyes,
And see how Christ in shining rays,
The glorious light of heav'n displays.
- 2 We see an object bright, sublime,
That knows no bounds of place or time ;
Substantial, uncreated light,
Older than heav'n, or *Chaos* night.
- 3 Behold the king whose sov'reign sway
Both Jews and Gentiles must obey ;
To Abrah'm promis'd, and decreed
For e'er to rule his faithful seed.
- 4 Th' admiring prophets now behold
The Saviour whom they had foretold.
Him God proclaims his only Son,
And bids mankind their teacher own.
- 5 O Christ, when thy pure light inspires
Our tepid hearts with heav'nly fires ;
It drives away the shades of night ;
Thy yoke grows sweet, thy burden light.
- 6 Co-partner of thy Father's throne,
Thou sov'reign bliss to sense unknown,
What streams of joy o'erflow that breast,
Which is with thy sweet presence blest !
- 7 O source of light ! send from above
Sweet rolling streams of sacred love ;

By these returning streams, may we
Direct our course, and rest in thee.

- 8 Glory to Christ, whose light displays
To little ones his saving ways ;
To God the Father let's repeat
The same, and to the Paraclete.

*For the Festival of St. Michael and
the Holy Angels:*

HYMN AT VESPERS.

Te Splendor et virtus, &c.

- 1 JESUS, thy Father's image bright,
Of faithful hearts the life and light ;
Tributes of praise to thee we pay,
Midst angels who thy voice obey.
- 2 Millions of Leaders, arm'd with light,
In close array thy battle fight ;
Michael, the saving standard wields,
Displays the cross ;—and Satan yields.
- 3 Th' infernal dragon down from bliss
He hurls, to hell's inflam'd abyss ;
And thunders headlong from the sky
The rebel captain with his fry.
- 4 Let's follow then so brave a guide,
Against the hellish prince of pride ;
That crowns of glory we may gain,
And with the Lamb forever reign.
- 5 To God the Father and the Son,
And holy Spint, Three in One,
Be endless glory, as before
The world began, so evermore.

Another Hymn.

- 1 **M**AN's great Redeemer, on whose glorious face
Angelic hosts with endless rapture gaze ;
 Oh ! call us from this vale of sighs,
 To share in their celestial joys.
- 2 Send valiant **MICHAEL**, messenger of peace,
To guard us, and away the fiends to chase ;
 That war may be confin'd to hell,
 Where endless strife and horror dwell.
- 3 Descend, O **GABRIEL** ! let our ancient foe,
Thy vigilance and heav'nly courage know ;
 Nor dare the sacred place invade,
 That stands secure beneath thy shade.
- 4 **RAPHAEL**, Physician Angel, come and cure
The sad diseases which our souls endure ;
 And lest our wand'ring feet should stray,
 Be thou our guide and lead the way.
- 5 O glorious Mother of celestial grace,
And angels' Queen, thy tender accents raise ;
 Mid'st heav'nly choirs, before the throne,
 And plead our cause with thy dear Son.
- 6 Thee we implore, eternal Deity,
Great God, in nature One, in persons Three !
 Whose praises in loud accents roll,
 And echoing sounds from pole to pole.

On the Feast of the Guardian Angels.

HYMN AT VESPERS.

Custodes hominum, &c.

- 1 **W**E sing the guardian angels God has sent,
To help and guide us in our banishment ;
Lest wily foes surprize our will,
And lead us in the ways of ill.
- 2 For traitor-angels, justly dispossess'd
Of their exalted seats among the bless'd,
Now turn their spleen on human race,
Created to supply their place.
- 3 Haste then, O watchful spirits, hither fly ;
Guard our abode, and let no fiend come nigh :
Remove diseases, calm our breast,
And lead us to the seats of rest.
- 4 All praise, O Trinity, attend thy name,
Whose sov'reign God-head rules this three-fold
frame ;
Let ev'ry age and ev'ry being,
Thy everlasting praises sing.

Hymn on our Guardian Angel.

- 1 **O**GOD how ought my grateful heart,
To praise thy bounteous hand,
Who send'st thy angel from the sky,
To be my guide and friend !
- 2 My soul is surely something great,
Meant for eternity ;
That angels thus should be employ'd,
In watching over me.

- 3 Whilst I an helpless infant was,
 With ev'ry tender care
 He guarded round my cradle's side ;
 No evil could come near.
- 4 Protected by his heav'nly aid,
 How safe my infancy !
 Tho' death and danger rag'd around,
 They harmless pass'd by me.
- 5 When I, within my mother's arms,
 Enjoy'd her fond embrace ;
 He, hov'ring round on airy wings,
 Divinely did me bless.
- 6 When first I from my mother learnt
 My Jesus' name to praise,
 He softly whisper'd to my heart,
 " How sweet are all his ways ! " -
- 7 O Holy Angel, watch by me,
 Amidst the gloom of night ;
 And let no unbecoming thought,
 With sin my heart delight.
- 8 And when the morning from the east,
 Sends forth her golden rays ;
 Teach me to raise my heart to God,
 And sing his glorious praise.
- 9 And while the sun with brighter beams
 Is shining through the day ;
 Let ev'ry action, ev'ry thought,
 My love to him display.
- 10 In ev'ning, when the cooling breeze,
 Invites to sweet repose ;
 May I in grateful thanks to him,
 My wearied eyelids close.

11 Celestial Guardian, thus with thee,
 And by thy constant care ;
 May I the world's corruption flee,
 And heav'nly blessings share.

On St. Joseph.

- 1 O THOU great fav'rite of the heav'nly king,
 Who, now transported to the realms above,
 Amid celestial choirs his glories sing ;
 Receive the tribute of our praise and love.
- 2 A high decree from God the Father's throne,
 Marks thee the spouse of th' ever spotless maid,
 Bids thee be call'd the Father of his Son,
 And to the world's salvation lend thine aid.
- 3 Let heav'nly hosts thy happiness proclaim,
 In being to Mary thus in wedlock tied ;
 Let christian choirs rehearse the glorious theme,
 And praise thee, JOSEPH, and thy Virgin Bride.
- 4 O faithful spouse ! what doubt disturbs thy rest ?
 Can purest Mary raise a jealous thought ?
 Lo ! Gabriel comes, to calm thy troubled breast,
 And tell the wonder God in her has wrought.
- 5 O happy man ! who wond'ring didst behold,
 For love of mankind in a manger laid,
 The Saviour, whom the Prophets had foretold ;
 And to the new-born God thy homage paid.
- 6 With transport th' infant God thine arms embrace :
 Sweet pleasures ! but how purchas'd oft with tears !
 Out of the tyrant's reach thy charge to place,
 To Egypt thou must fly 'mid toils and fears.
- 7 What sorrows rend thy tender heart again,
 When three long days bereav'd of Jesus' sight,

'Thou seek'st him lost, oppress'd with grief and pain !
But soon his presence brings thee new delight.

- 3 The Lord before whom angels trembling stand,
Whose awful nod affrights the pow'rs of hell,
Who holds the nations in his mighty hand,
Under thy roof, submissive, chose to dwell.
- 9 All other saints through death must pass to bliss ;
Here, thou more favour'd, find'st thy happiness :
In th' other world they wear their palms ;—in this
Thou, happier Man, thy sov'reign good possess.
- 10 Thrice happy Father ! and thrice happy Spouse !
Happy in life, and happier still in death !
Mary on thee her tender care bestows,
And Jesus' arms receive thy dying breath.
- 11 Now seated high in heav'n, present our vows
To Him, who would on earth be call'd thy Son :
And jointly with thy glorious Virgin Spouse,
Ne'er cease to plead our cause before the Throne.

On St. John Baptist.

- 1 **O** SYLVAN Prophet, whose eternal fame,
Resounds from Jewry's hills and Jordan's stream ;
The music of our numbers raise,
And tune our voice to sing thy praise.
- 2 An angel, sent from the celestial throne,
Makes to thy sire thy future greatness known ;
Thy pure abstemious life, thy name,
Thy glorious office, and thy fame.
- 3 He hears the news, and dubious with surprise,
His falt'ring speech in fetter'd accents dies :
But in thy birth, more faithful found,
His voice regains its former sound.

- 4 From the recess of nature's inmost room,
 Thou knew'st thy Lord conceal'd in Mary's womb;
 Whilst each glad Parent told and blest,
 The secrets of each other's breast.
- 5 From foul corruption's stains thy youth to screen,
 In lonely wilderness thou liv'st unseen :
 From threat'ning dangers thus secure,
 Thy soul remains unstain'd and pure.
- 6 Thy courtly dress is camel's rugged hide,
 With twisted thongs of stubborn leather tied :
 Honey with locusts is thy food,
 Thy only drink the tasteless flood.
- 7 The other Prophets view'd, with distant sight,
 The rising of the world's redeeming light :
 But greater than a Prophet, thou
 Foretel'st the light, and shew'st him too.
- 8 Great Baptist, none among the human race,
 Has thee excell'd in sanctity and grace ;
 Who Him did'st wash in Jordan's flood,
 Who wash'd the world in his own blood.
- 9 Terrestrial angel, 'fore thy Saviour sent,
 To smooth his paths ; ah ! teach us to repent ;
 Our rough and crooked ways redress,
 That Jesus may our hearts possess.
- 10 Glory to God the Father, and the Son,
 And Holy Ghost with both in nature one ;
 Whose equal power unites the Three,
 In one eternal Trinity.

All Saints.

HYMN AT VESPERS.

Placare, Christe Servulis, &c.

- 1 O JESUS, let thy anger cease ;
 Thy Virgin Mother, for our peace,
 At thy tribunal pleading stands,
 And mercy earnestly demands.
- 2 And ye, O Angels, who in nine
 Distinguish'd glorious orders shine ;
 Preserve our minds, our hearts and wills,
 From present, past, and future ills.
- 3 Ye Prophets and Apostles, plead
 Before our Judge, and intercede
 For sinners, that by tears unfeign'd,
 His pard'ning grace may be obtain'd.
- 4 Ye crimson troops of Martyrs bright,
 And Confessors, array'd in white ;
 Let us no longer exil'd roam,
 But call us to our heav'nly home.
- 5 Chaste Virgins, and ye truly wise,
 Who from the deserts fill'd the skies ;
 For us an everlasting reign
 With Christ, among his saints, obtain.
- 6 From Christian lands those faithless chase,
 Who Christian truths and faith deface ;
 That all mankind united, may
 One Pastor of our souls obey.
- 7 To God the Father, and the Son,
 And Holy Spirit, three in one ;
 Be equal glory, equal praise,
 For an eternal age of days.

*All Souls.**And also at FUNERALS and MASSES for the DEAD.**Dies iræ, &c.*

- 1 **T**HAT day of wrath, that direful day,
Shall in the heav'ns the Cross display,
And all the world in ashes lay.
- 2 How shall poor mortals quake with fears,
When their impartial Judge appears,
Who all their causes strictly hears !
- 3 His trumpet sounds a dreadful tone ;
The noise through all the graves is blown,
And calls the dead before his throne.
- 4 Nature and death shall stand and gaze,
When creatures shall their bodies raise,
And answer for their ill-spent days.
- 5 The clear writ book of conscience shown,
Sin's black indictments shall be known,
And every soul his guilt shall own.
- 6 So when the Judge shall sit on high,
All hidden crimes shall open lie ;
No sin shall from due vengeance fly.
- 7 What plea shall wicked I pretend ?
What patron move to stand my friend,
When scarce the just themselves defend ?
- 8 O dreadful God, O glorious King,
Who dost the saved freely bring
To bliss, save me O mercy's spring !
- 9 O pious Jesus, call to mind
Thy travails for my good design'd ;
Grant I that day may mercy find,

- 10 Thou satt'st down weary, seeking me,
Hang'dst on the cross, my soul to free ;
Let not such labours fruitless be.
- 11 Dread Judge, whose justice is severe,
My long black score of sins make clear,
Ere the accounting day appear.
- 12 I, as a guilty person, groan ;
My faults are in my blushes known ;
Pity, dear Lord, thy suppliant's moan.
- 13 The weeping Magdalen's relief,
And op'ning heaven to the thief,
Have with sweet hopes allay'd my grief.
- 14 My worthless pray'rs deserve no hire ;
But thou, mild Lord, thy grace inspire,
To save me from eternal fire.
- 15 Among thy sheep grant I may stand,
Far from the goats' conderaned band ;
Securely plac'd at thy right hand.
- 16 Th' accursed troops being put to shame,
Confin'd to hell's ne'er-dying flame,
Amongst the bless'd enrol my name.
- 17 With bended knee I make my pray'r,
And heart contrite as ashes are ;
Of my last end, dear Lord, take care ;
- 18 That day of doom, that day of tears,
When guilty man awakes in fears,
From dust, and 'fore his Judge appears.
- 19 O bounteous Jesus, Lord forever blest !
Give faithful souls departed endless rest.

PSALM CXXIX.

DE profundis clama-
vi ad te Domine : * Do-
mine exaudi vocem meam.

Fiant aures tuæ inten-
dentes, * in vocem depre-
cationis meæ.

Si iniquitates observave-
ris Domine : * Domine
quis sustinebit ?

Quia apud te propitiatio
est : * et propter legem
tuam sustinui te Domine.

Sustinuit anima mea in
verbo ejus : * speravit ani-
ma mea in Domino.

A custodia matutina us-
que ad noctem, * speret
Israel in Domino.

Quia apud Dominum
misericordia : * et copiosa
apud eum redemptio.

Et ipse redimet Israel, *
ex omnibus iniquitatibus
ejus.

Requiem æternam dona
eis, Domine, * et lux per-
petua luceat eis,

PSALM 129.

OUT of the depths I
have cried to thee, O
Lord : * Lord, hear my
voice.

Let thy ears be attentive*
to the voice of my suppli-
cation.

If thou wilt observe ini-
quities, O Lord ; * Lord,
who shall endure it ?

Because with thee there
is propitiation ; * and by
reason of thy law, I have
waited for thee, O Lord.

My soul hath relied on
his word ; * my soul hath
hoped in the Lord.

From the morning watch
even until night,* let Israel
hope in the Lord.

Because with the Lord
there is mercy,* and with
him plentiful redemption.

And he shall redeem Is-
rael * from all his inqui-
ties.

Eternal rest give to them
O Lord,* and let perpetual
light shine upon them.

Festivals of the Apostles.

HYMN AT VESPERS.

Exultet orbis gaudiis, &c.

- 1 **T**HROUGHOUT the world let joys arise,
Let praises echo through the skies !
Let heaven and earth, with joyful choir,
To praise th' Apostles now conspire.
- 2 Earth's shining lights, by God design'd,
To be the judges of mankind ;
Our humble pray'rs are void of art ;
Accept the language of our heart.
- 3 The gates of heav'n, by your command,
Are fasten'd close, or open stand :
Grant, we beseech you then, that we
From sinful slav'ry may be free.
- 4 Sickness and health your pow'r obey ;
This comes, and that you drive away :
Then from our souls all sickness chase ;
Let healing virtues take its place.
- 5 That, when our Judge returns to weigh
Our actions, at the dreadful day,
We may with him to heav'n ascend,
To live in joys that never end.
- 6 To God the Father, and the Son,
And Holy Spirit, three in one ;
Be endless glory, as before
The world began, so evermore.

For the Festivals of one Martyr.

HYMN AT VESPERS.

Deus tuorum militum, &c.

- 1 **O** GOD, the lot, the crown, the gain
Of soldiers in thy service slain ;
Make us forsake our sinful ways,
Who meet to sing this Martyr's praise.
- 2 This Saint, esteeming worldly joys,
As pleasing cheats, deceitful toys ;
And bitter too with secret gall,
For Heaven, nobly scorn'd them all.
- 3 He bravely ran his painful race,
And look'd his torments in the face ;
For thee he fearless sheds his blood,
And wades to Heaven through the flood.
- 4 To thee, O gracious Lord, we fly,
Beseeching thee, with humble cry ;
That on this Martyr's triumph, we
From sin may be absolv'd by thee.
- 5 To God the Father, and the Son,
And Holy Spirit, three in one ;
Be equal glory, equal praise,
For an eternal length of days.

For the Festivals of several Martyrs.

HYMN AT VESPERS.

Sanctorum meritis, &c.

- 1 **L**EТ us fam'd acts and triumphs sing,
Which from the Saints' high merits spring ;

For now to celebrate we mind,
Brave heroes of the noblest kind.

- 2 These champions of thy name, sweet Lord,
Were by the silly world abhorr'd ;
Which world they held a barren thing,
Where neither fruit nor flowers spring.
- 3 For thee they slight the threats of foes,
Their furious rage, and deadly blows :
The tearing hook they scorn no less,
Which cannot reach the soul's recess.
- 4 While barb'rous swords their bodies wound,
No murmurs, no complaints resound ;
For they to patience are resign'd,
With dauntless heart, and spotless mind.
- 5 What tongue can those rich gifts declare,
Which Christ for Martyrs does prepare ?
Brows that in streams of blood were drown'd,
Are with resplendent laurels crown'd.
- 6 Great God, we beg of thee to chase
All harms away ; our sins efface ;
Afford thy servants peaceful days,
That they may ever sing thy praise.

For the Festivals of other Saints.

HYMN AT VESPERS.

1 I STE Confessor Domini, colentes
Quem pie laudant populi per orbem ;
Hac die lætus meruit beatas
Scandere sedes.

Or, instead of the two last lines,
Hac die lætus meruit supremos
Laudis honores.

- 2 Qui pius, prudens, humilis, pudicus,
Sobriam duxit sine labe vitam,
Donec humanos animavit auræ
 Spiritus artus.
- 3 Cujus ob præstans meritum, frequenter
Ægra quæ passim jacuere membra,
Viribus morbi domitis, saluti
 Restituuntur.
- 4 Noster hinc illi chorus obsequentem
Concinit laudem celebresque palmas;
Ut piis ejus precibus juvemur,
 Omne per ævum.
- 5 Sit salus illi, decus atque virtus,
Qui super cœli solio coruscans,
Totius mundi seriem gubernat,
 Trinus et Unus.

The same in English.

- 1 **T**HIS day with gladness Christian choirs proclaim
His combats, triumph, faith and glorious name,
Who boldly Christ on earth confess'd,
And now exults among the blest.
- 2 Prudence and piety adorn'd his life,
Unstain'd with ill, and undisturb'd by strife,
Chaste, humble, meek he kept his heart,
'Till bid by heav'n from life depart.
- 3 Th' Almighty now his servant's glory shows,
And signal favours through his pray'rs bestows:
Diseases fly before his shrine,
And health returns by pow'r divine.

- 4 Let's then in thankful songs our voices raise,
And sing to him this solemn hymn of praise ;
That by his pray'rs th' Almighty may
His favours to our souls convey.
- 5 To Him be glory, pow'r and endless fame,
Whose wisdom rules the whole creation's frame ;
And fills the bright celestial Throne,
The great mysterious Three and One.

For the Festivals of Virgins.

HYMN AT VESPERS.

Jesu, corona Virginum, &c.

- 1 REGARD our vows with gracious eye,
O Jesus, crown of purity ;
Son of that chosen woman, who
Was Virgin chaste, and Mother too.
- 2 Amongst lilies thou lov'st to be ;
Pure Virgins round thy throne we see.
O glorious Bridegroom, who dost bless
Thy brides with endless happiness.
- 3 Which way so e'er thy course doth bend,
Chaste Virgins on thy steps attend ;
Who, running after thee, do raise
Their notes, and sing sweet hymns of praise.
- 4 Hear us, O God of chastity !
From impure passions set us free ;
Our frailties help, our vice controul ;
Submit the senses to the soul.
- 5 To Jesus, from a Virgin sprung,
Be glory giv'n, and praises sung ;
The same to God the Father be,
And Holy Ghost, eternally.

For the Festivals of Holy Women.

HYMN AT VESPERS.

Fortem virili pectore, &c.

- 1 **R**ISE, tuneful numbers, justly praise
A holy woman's gen'rous ways,
Whose fortitude exalts her name
In ev'ry place, with glorious fame.
- 2 Such holy love inflam'd her heart,
That she abhorr'd the pois'ning dart
Of worldly love, and bravely trod
The narrow way that leads to God.
- 3 A body, grown with fasting dead,
And mind with pray'r most sweetly fed ;
Convey her soul above the sky,
To joys that last eternally.
- 4 O fountain of grace, Christ our King,
From whom alone all good things spring,
To thee for help we sinners fly ;
Hear, through her prayers our humble cry.
- 5 May each succeeding age proclaim
The glory and eternal fame
Of God the Father, and the Son,
And Holy Spirit, three in one.

A Funeral Song on Death and its consequences.

- 1 **D**EATH is our doom, unchang'd the law shall stand;
One day our soul must leave this foreign land.
Of dust compos'd, in dust our frame must lie,
For 'tis decreed for all men once to die.
- 2 Ye fleeting honours, riches, pleasures vain !
Thou cheating world, with all thy pompous train !
Ye idols dear of our deluded heart !
We bid you farewell ; from you we must part.

- 3 Alas ! our days as rapid waters run,
 On time swift-rolling stream, forever gone ;
 Yet but few days, we reach th' eternal shore ;—
 Yet but few days, and time shall be no more.
- 4 O frightful day ! O day of grief and fear !
 Before on awful Judge we must appear ;
 T' account for all our deeds, and t' undergo
 Our doom, for endless bliss,—or endless woe.
- 5 Eternity !—how vast is thine extent !
 How low thy depth ! how boundless is thy length !—
 Eternity of never ceasing joys !—
 Eternity of never ceasing sighs !
- 6 Thrice happy they, O Lord, who die in thee,
 From deadly guilt and lawless passions free !
 What hopes, what comforts cheer their dying breast !
 How sweet to pass from toils to endless rest !
- 7 But oh ! what horrors fill the sinner's mind !
 A crowd of unrepented sin behind !
 Around, his weeping friends !—before him, death !
 A Judge, above !—a gaping hell, beneath !
- 8 He dies !—the dust returns to dust again ;
 The guilty soul in agonies of pain,
 Ascends above, alas ! not there to dwell ;
 But to receive her doom, and sink to hell.
- 9 O may my soul escape these dreadful woes,
 And die in grace, and triumph o'er her foes !
 May I in Jesus' arms encounter death,
 And in his sweet embrace resign my breath !

All Creatures invited to praise God.

SOLO. **O** ALL ye beings, the Lord has made !
 Sing glory to his holy name ;
 To Him be endless honors paid,
 Let ev'ry tongue his love proclaim.

CHOR. Praise to the Lord who all us made,
 And glory to his holy name ;
 To him be endless honours paid,
 Let every tongue his love proclaim.

2 O sing his praise, ye Heav'nly choirs,
 Who stand around his awful throne ;
 Repeat on your immortal lyres,
 That praise belongs to him alone.

Praise to the Lord, &c.

3 Thou glorious Sun, his image bright,
 Who rul'st the seasons and the days ;
 And thou fair Moon, who rul'st the night,
 Unite in your Creator's praise.

Praise to the Lord, &c.

4 Praise him ye Stars, whose trembling lights,
 Like scatter'd pearls, adorn the sky ;
 Your silent course each heart invites,
 To praise the Lord who reigns on high.

Praise to the Lord, &c.

5 Praise him ye mounts, ye hills sublime,
 Ye valleys dress'd in living green ;
 Ye flow'rs, declare to ev'ry clime
 His charms, to mortal eye unseen.

Praise to the Lord, &c.

6 Praise him ye founts, ye limpid streams,
 Ye rapid rivers, in your course ;
 Proclaim him, in your murm'ring themes,
 Of ev'ry good th' exhaustless source.

Praise to the Lord, &c.

- 7 Join voices, ye sweet feather'd throng,
 Whose warbling notes to heaven arise ;
 Let woods and hills repeat your song,
 And zephyrs waft it through the skies.
 Praise to the Lord, &c.
- 8 O thou, for whom this wond'rous frame,
 And all these creatures were design'd ;
 O man ! adore and praise His name,
 In whom all beauties are combin'd.
CHOR. All praise to the great Three and One,
 To the Almighty Father, praise ;
 All praise to his co-equal Son,
 And Holy Ghost, for endless days.

A Morning Hymn.

- 1 **N**OW night descends, the shadows fly,
 And light ascends the morning sky ;
 On thee, O sov'reign Judge of all,
 Our hearts with early accents call.
- 2 The Sun begins to dart his rays,
 To thee, O God, our voice we raise ;
 Send forth thy beams of heav'nly light,
 This day to steer our course aright.
- 3 Preserve our tongue, our hands, our will,
 From the polluted ways of ill ;
 From vanity our hearts remove,
 And fill them with celestial love.
- 4 And while our rapid moments flow,
 O Christ, thy friendly aid bestow ;
 Against the snares of hellish foes,
 Protect us with thy saving Cross.

5 O may'st thou in our hearts abide,
 Spirit divine, and be our guide ;
 May ev'ry action spring from grace,
 And ev'ry work bespeak thy praise !

Evening Hymn.

- 1 **G**LORY to thee, my God, this night,
 For all the blessings of the light ;
 Keep me, O keep me King of Kings,
 Under thine own almighty wings.
- 2 Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son,
 The ills which I this day have done ;
 That with the world, myself and thee,
 I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.
- 3 Teach me to live, that I may dread,
 The grave as little as my bed ;
 Teach me to die, that so I may
 With joy behold the Judgment day.
- 4 O may my soul on thee repose,
 And with sweet sleep mine eyelids close !
 Sleep that may me more active make
 To serve my God, when I awake.
- 5 When restless in the night I lie,
 My soul with heav'ly thoughts supply ;
 Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,
 No powers of darkness me molest.
- 6 Let my blest guardian, while I sleep,
 His watchful station near me keep ;
 My heart with love celestial fill,
 And guard me from th' approach of ill.

- 7 Lord let my soul forever share
 The bliss of thy paternal care ;
 'Tis heaven on earth, 'tis heaven above,
 To see thy face and sing thy love.
- 8 Should death himself my sleep invade,
 Why should I be of death afraid ?
 Protected by thy saving arm,
 Tho' he may strike, he cannot harm.
- 9 For death is life, and labour rest.
 If with thy gracious presence blest ;
 Then welcome sleep and death to me,
 I'm still secure, for still with thee.
- 10 Praise God, from whom all blessings flow,
 Praise him all creatures here below :
 Praise him above, angelic host,
 Praise Father, Son and Holy Ghost.

Adoration and Praise.

1 **H**OW can we adore,
 Or worthily praise
 Thy goodness and pow'r
 O God of all grace !
 With honour and blessing,
 Before thee we fall ;
 Most gladly confessing
 Thee, Father of all.

2 The heavens and earth,
 And water and air ;
 To thee owe their birth,
 Subsist by thy care.
 Whilst angels are singing
 Thy praises above ;
 We mortals are bringing
 Our tribute of love.

The Litany of the Blessed Virgin.

KYRIE eleison.

Christe eleison.

Kyrie eleison.

Christe audi nos.

Christe exaudi nos.

Pater de cælis Deus,

Fili Redemptor mundi Deus,

Spiritus sancte Deus,

Sancta Trinitas unus Deus,

Sancta Maria,

Sancta Dei Genitrix,

Sancta Virgo Virginum,

Mater Christi,

Mater Divinæ Gratiæ,

Mater purissima,

Mater castissima,

Mater inviolata,

Mater intemerata,

Mater amabilis,

Mater admirabilis,

Mater Creatoris,

Mater Salvatoris,

Virgo prudentissima,

Virgo veneranda,

Virgo prædicanda,

Virgo potens,

Virgo clemens,

Virgo fidelis,

Speculum justitiæ,

Sedes sapientiæ,

Causa nostræ lætitiae,

Vas spirituale,

Vas honorabile,

Vas insigne devotionis,

Rosa Mystica,

Miserere nobis.

Miserere nobis.

Miserere nobis.

Miserere nobis.

Ora pro nobis.

Turris Davidica,
 Turris eburnea,
 Domus aurea,
 Fœderis arca,
 Janua cœli,
 Stella matutina,
 Salus infirmorum,
 Refugium peccatorum,
 Consolatrix affictorum,
 Auxilium Christianorum,
 Regina Angelorum,
 Regina Patriarcharum,
 Regina Prophetarum,
 Regina Apostolorum,
 Regina Martyrum,
 Regina Confessorum,
 Regina Virginum,
 Regina Sanctorum omnium,
 Agnus Dei, qui tollis peccata mundi, Parce nobis Domine.
 Agnus Dei, qui tollis peccata mundi, Exaudi nos Domine.
 Agnus Dei, qui tollis peccata mundi, Miserere nobis.
 Christe audi nos.
 Christe exaudi nos.

Ora pro nobis.

The same in English.

LORD, have mercy on us.
 Christ, have mercy on us. Lord have mercy on us.
 Christ, hear us. Christ, graciously hear us.
 God, the Father of heaven, have mercy on us.
 God the Son, Redeemer of the world, have mercy on us.
 God the Holy Ghost, have mercy on us.
 Holy Trinity, one God, have mercy on us.
 Holy Mary,
 Holy Mother of God,
 Holy Virgin of virgins,
 Mother of Christ,
 Mother of divine grace,

Pray for us.

Pray for us.

Mother most pure,
 Mother most chaste,
 Mother undefiled,
 Mother untouched,
 Mother most amiable,
 Mother most admirable,
 Mother of our Creator,
 Mother of our Redeemer,
 Virgin most prudent,
 Virgin most venerable,
 Virgin most renowned,
 Virgin most powerful,
 Virgin most merciful,
 Virgin most faithful,
 Mirror of Justice,
 Seat of Wisdom,
 Cause of our Joy,
 Spiritual Vessel,
 Vessel of Honor,
 Vessel of singular Devotion,
 Mystical Rose,
 Tower of David,
 Tower of Ivory,
 House of Gold,
 Ark of the Covenant,
 Gate of Heaven,
 Morning Star,
 Health of the Weak,
 Refuge of Sinners,
 Comforter of the afflicted,
 Help of Christians,
 Queen of Angels,
 Queen of Patriarchs,
 Queen of Prophets,

Queen of Apostles,
 Queen of Martyrs,
 Queen of Confessors,
 Queen of Virgins,
 Queen of all Saints,

Lamb of God, who takest away the sins of the world,
spare us, O Lord.

Lamb of God, &c. *graciously hear us, O Lord.*

Lamb of God, &c. *have mercy on us.*

Christ, hear us. Christ, graciously hear us.

Lord, have mercy on us. Christ, have mercy on us.

Lord, have mercy on us.

Pray for us.













